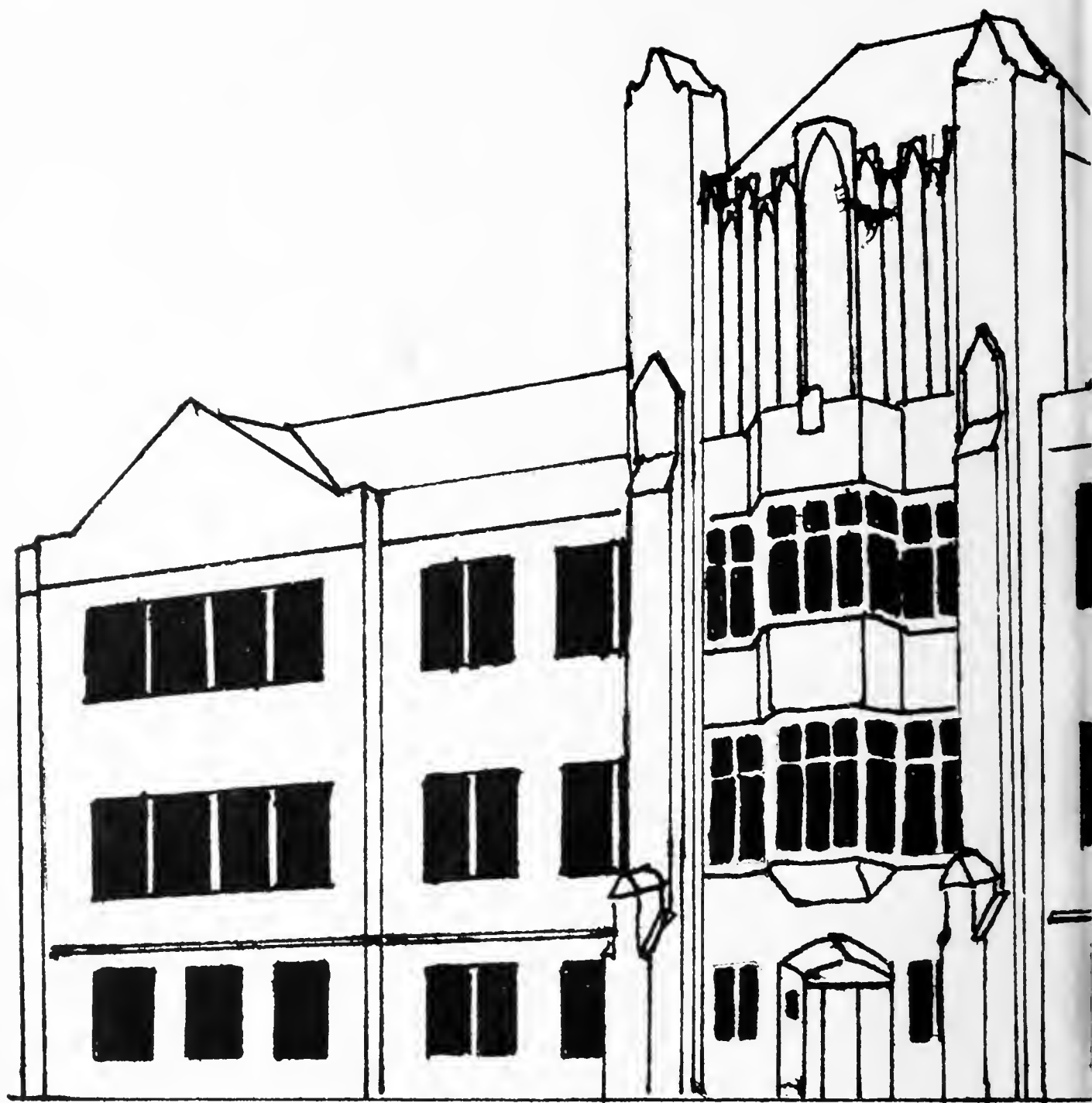
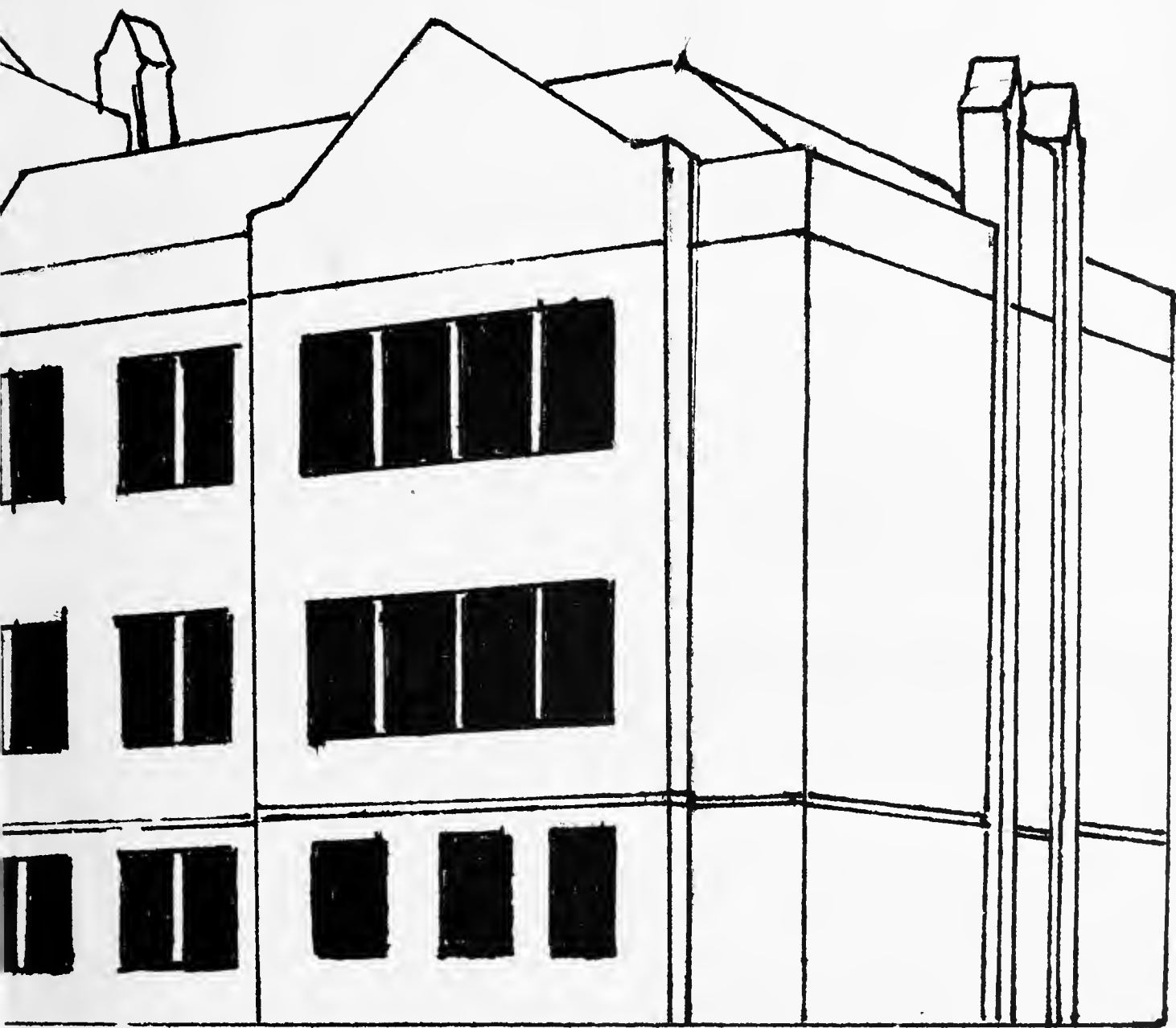




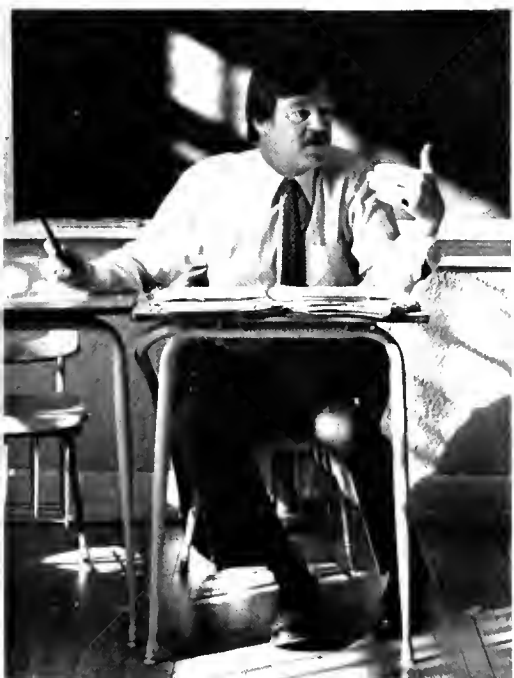
ST. JAMES HOUSE 83





Mikael Sandblom

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SELWYN HOUSE '83
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

YEARBOOK STAFF



Charles Porteous

Kasy Fukada

Sean Sofin

Marc Audet

Ferhaan Ahmad

Dimitri Kydoniefs

Andrew Ramsey

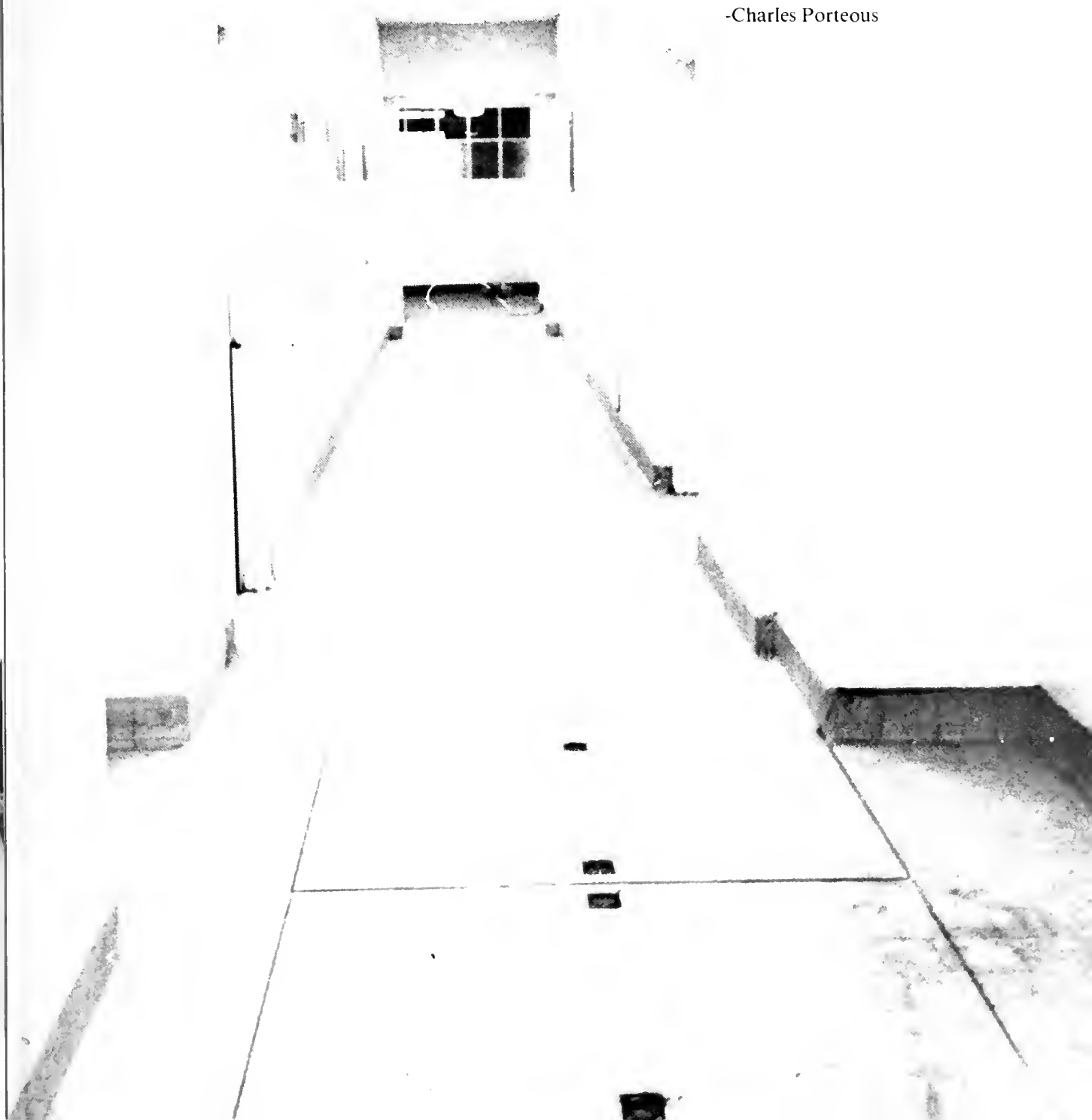
Francesco Fato



EDITOR'S MESSAGE

The various pictures and writeups scattered throughout the yearbook are not the only things that go into the formation of the yearbook. Many people forget the immense amount of time it takes to put together a collection of the school year's events in one book. Every year, the construction of the yearbook is a new experience for a group of students, but this year with the departure of Mr. Reid from the yearbook, our staff advisors found it a new challenge too. It was with their help that we were able to overcome obstacles that no one could ever imagine. It is to the many people who contributed their time, effort, and support that this work is dedicated. With them, our task was both an honour and a pleasure.

-Charles Porteous





HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

In these pages last year I spoke to you about deeds and their importance. This year I would like to reflect on some deeds which have taken place here at Selwyn House.

We have made strides. And toward what end? When I arrived at Selwyn House, I was struck by the degree of tension, stress, and rush which seemed to overwhelm the School. The day I accepted the position as Headmaster, I vowed to work at eliminating this condition. With the help and co-operation of many people, we have begun to change. I can see it in daily life, in the look on people's faces, in the behavior of the students and staff.

To be productive need not result in frenzy. To make progress, one doesn't have to be frantic. Wordsworth speaks of poetry which "takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility". I doubt that we shall ever enjoy tranquility here at the School, but I look forward to the continued efforts we are making to slow the pace and to use our time and strengths more effectively.

Every day I am grateful to be here at Selwyn House. It is a pleasure to work with such a dedicated staff and such enthusiastic students. Each person contributes through his or her deeds; all of us reap the benefits.

To those boys who graduate from the School this year I extend my personal congratulations and best wishes in your continued education and adventures elsewhere.

Robert Manion

STUDENT COUNCIL

The second year of the Student Council at Selwyn House has proved to be the most productive in its short history. Under the leadership of Mr. Wearing, the Council has been restructured into separate committees composed of elected representatives from each grade. The ten committees are headed by prefects, who take an active role in the Council debates along with the elected representatives.

This year's new system has enabled the Council to engage in many new projects. Besides organizing several dances and the Winter Carnival, the Council has implemented vending machines, movie nights, a new system of "Lost and Found" and the formation of a Student Council Constitution.

The active role the Council has taken in the various aspects of school life will ensure its existence as an important institution at Selwyn House.

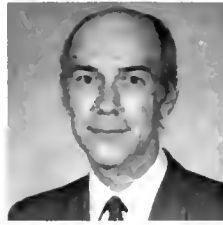


PREFECTS



With great pride, the Headmaster announced this year's Prefects at the beginning of the school year. They were elected by the Grade 11's and the staff. Those chosen to lead the school were Thomas Antony, Derek Eaton, Thomas Hood, John Kelly, Tom MacFarlane, James Soutar, Nicholas Tingley and Probal Lala as Head Prefect. The Prefects received ties and pins representative of their position as heads of the school, as well as repeating an Oath of Office. They were directly involved with various aspects of school life, including being actively involved with the Student Council.

STAFF



R. Manion



B. Porter



A. Weber



B. Harker



A. Lumsden



R. Wearing



C. Boyle



L. Seville



J. Martin



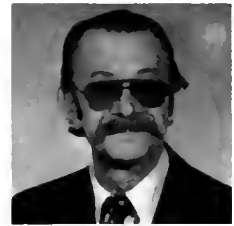
D. Williams



B. Williams



M. Krindle



L. Zubizarreta



G. Dowd



P. Litvack



B. Glasspoole



W. Reid



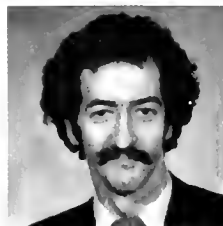
B. Moffat



R. Nincheri



W. Underwood



J. Guyon



G. DeGuire



G. Maheu



G. Butler



J. McMillan



B. Carrara



T. Nicoll



P. Beauchamp



P. Marsh



J. Clark



D. Cude



P. Govan



M. Rondeau



E. Pinchuk



C. Manning



R. Biewald



D. Peets



D. Walling



J. Lewis



L. Shanahan



V. Ferguson



H. Bourduas



L. Elbaz



M. Parent



D. Tassé



J. Parker



S. Lafrenière



E. Donaldson



C. Cooper



K. Funamoto



L. Wallace



P. Tierney



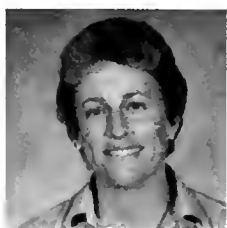
M. O'Rourke



M. Lynn



C. Krushelnyski



E. Carrique



N. Parsons



M. Krushelnyski

THE GRADUATING



CLASS 1983





GEOFFREY ADAMS

Geoff was left at Selwyn's doorstep in '76, forced to survive as best he could. It's '83 now, and it seems as if he might have made it. Known for his tendency towards anti-fashion and sarcasm, he never fails to criticize anyone "sporting a button-down." We know that Geoff will succeed at whatever he does, if he ever gets out of the hockey dressing room, or recovers from his DELIRIOUS state.

-M.S

F.A

"Sounds of laughter shades of earth are ringing through my open view inciting and inviting me."

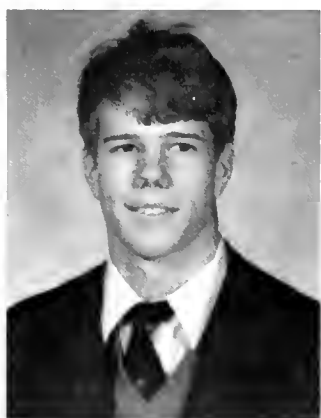
-The Beatles

"Is it Pledge or Johnson's Floor Wax?"

Member of running, football, basketball and rugby teams. Collector of awards, medals, books and anything else given out for distinction at prize giving. Holder of famously boring yearbook staff and student council meetings. Unquestionable king of questionable jokes in mixed company. Creator of the "off-key B-52's singalong in physics class" club. Devoted B52, DEVO, and Duran Duran fan par excellence. Good luck with your continued studies wherever they lead you. A friend.



DEREK EATON



FENTON AYLMER

How can I to sum up eight years of my life in one small paragraph. Maybe I should just mention my most memorable year, my last one. In these past few months, I have made more friends (and good ones for that matter) than I have ever made. I've been around these people for most of my long stay, but I never had the pleasure to know them until this year. Thank you "Ghost Prefects"; Geoff A., Mike, Bruce, Geoff M., Beckett, Seiji, and Alberto; you're the best. And a special thanks to those who were always ready to listen; Murdo, Rex, Tom H., Edwin, Probal, et ma chère Adina and all of her friends. I love you all. "IT'S JOHNSON'S FLOOR WAX!"



TONY ANTONY

Struggling through 11 long years at SHS has left its mark on Tom. His many attempts to remain inconspicuous have failed. He has had the bad luck of being elected to the prefecture; being subjected to the humiliation of sitting on stage at every assembly. Furthermore, he has had the embarrassment of being both academically and physically endowed. Tom, keep a stiff upper lip and perhaps you'll find a place where you're not so popular! Best of luck.

P.L.

Alias "Red" (from Lachine. Loves DJing on weekends, working on physics projects, eating lots of pasta, playing soccer and Lennoxville romances or tragedies. Note from good friend JK. "Robert displayed an amazing ability for doing very well in one subject while failing everything else. AMB - physical scientist, PD - tour guide at museum of science and technology. FavSay - Gross me out the door or Big deal. Thanks Mr. M and SHS.



ROBERT BERNIER



REX R.K. CHUNG

Well recognized for his academic prowess, his diverse athletic skills and his paced social life. With razzmatazz on the wrestling ring and on the dance floor, Rex is the only guy with a female admirer in every city this side of Tokyo. For all your help, sincerity and friendship, we expect you'll stay SOLID Gold forever. We wish you luck, Chugs, and we know you'll go far.

K.S.S.S. E.T.

After 11 years, I depart from S.H.S. more knowledgeable and with a memory filled with happiness. Special thanks to all my friends, my parents, Lucy, Eunmi, Marc, Chan, Christine and Debbie. Climb high, climb far; your goal the sky, your aim the star.

Eleven words for eleven years: I thank my friends very much. Stay in touch.



BRUCE BRYDON



JONATHAN BURNHAM

Nine years at Selwyn House have helped me to grow and taught me to think - answer questions question answers. Infant curious directed confused explained questioning thwarted experiencing forbidden good bad man ... curious. If men do not build How shall they live? When the field is tilled And the wheat is bread They shall not die in a shortened bed And a narrow sheet, in this street.

-T.S. Eliot



KIM BALLEs

Apart from a case of identity crisis, Kim, or Joe, has lived up to his Latin Lover expectations. The Spanish Fly Plans to Head On Down The Highway as soon as he can, To Lennoxville (Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love). His problems ranged through the years from assorted paranoias, to overcoming incredible nervousness of earlier years. As the only surviving heavy metalist, Kim is happy to leave the hostile, Devo world of S.H.S., (kidding).

J.K.

"Look at the new boys!" These were the welcoming words of my classmates. I was then quite prepared to leave. I stayed and enjoyed. Thanks Mom and Dad. Good luck with Selwyn Chris! To my mates: "Don't be strangers." and the immortal words of me: "Don't let 'em pass ya the wooden nickel!" BYE. Great times had by all! Thank you for sticking it out with me, Steve. Much love and luck, always ... (You old smoothy, heartbreaker, you).

-Tom



STEVEN CLARK



MARK JANY

Recollections: Tuckerman's Trip, 1st Triumvirate, the Boat (with 17 people), lunch table, Sr. Football, foot through wall, gr. 8 riots, cookies, Stratford, Westmount Library, the Whiners, Rodeo Song, arguments, Jamie's gr. 9 party, DEVO, CMS, debate exchange, whiskey sours, Mon. Morn., Chem. Class, debate exchange, parties, laughter, learning, friendship, growing up, Memories.

During Martin's 1,987 days at Selwyn, he has always managed to fight his way to the top, with the aid of a quick tongue and sharp wit. His often aggressive and demanding personality has enabled him to take charge of any situation and intimidate any opponent (even some Biology teachers). Academically, Martin has excelled in Computer Science, often being seen counselling his teacher. Memories: Fab - For, Knowlton, Le Club, Wasterines, and bumper tag in the Moltke - mobile. Best wishes in your future endeavours.

Christian Robertson



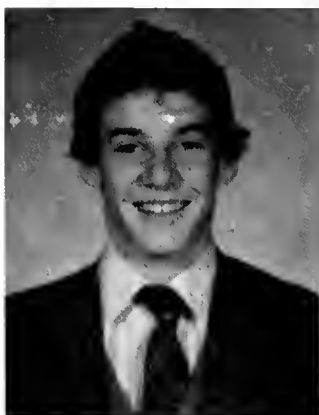
MARTIN ESSIG



VYTAS GRUODIS

Vytas' heartwarming smile and handsone Lithuanian disposition has often overshadowed his acclaim as a dedicated and successful arts bunny. Whether pummeling a heap of the deep in the Alps, or conquering the headwall at Tuckerman's Ravine, Vee is notorious for making everything look easier than it really is. His diversified and plentiful talents have shown through in all facets of life: including on the stage, playing Macbeth, as Representative of the Flat Earth Society, originator of the first ever Selly Film Festival, and in late night carousing on Crescent Street. From Stratford to Carleton to the dim halls of S.H.S., Vytas' slaphappy cheer has offered a refreshing break in the sometime monotony of school life. We will always remember him for his warmth and consideration. Vee ... for all you do, this one's for you. Meet you in the Alps!

-un ami



ALBERTO GATTI

In my five years at Selwyn House I had some good times and some not so good. I would like to thank the teachers who were patient and helped me. I will always remember my good friends: Bruce, Sieji, Geoff, Steve and Mike. I wish you all happiness in the future. Yeah!

John has steadily improved in academics since landing in SHS in grade 7. His performance in this field was markedly affected (in a good way) by his intermittent love life. Known to make mountains from mole hills, John is an aggressive mark grubber. His incredible laugh (measured at 8.5 on the Richter scale) was capable of rendering his friends deaf. Wishing JAK success, not luck, in life. His friends.



JOHN KARDOS



JON ELKIN

Some people reading this will say that Jon was too lazy to write his own Grad note. Well they'd be wrong. Jon, was spending his time with important things like tuning up his championship goalie skills; or spending his time with volumptuous cegep co-eds. But, we can't overlook his intelligence. Jon can be referred to as the Holden Caulfield of SHS, with English Comp. being his strongest subject. All these traits make Jon a colourful character. Jon, however, is a quiet guy, who keeps things to himself and consequently people get the wrong idea about Jon. Well, Jon may not always be all of the great stuff above, for he has his faults, but, his character makes up for it in the long run.

His winning tennis partner.



DAVID HAM

David Ham ... man alive. He bypassed numerous dimensions while jeopardizing the safety of SHS. Despite his need to continually expand upon his already massive storage of scientific data, David always managed to conjure an incredibly festive stupendous Shangrila. We are thankful that such a fab spirit was brought down to earth to make mankind happy. His somewhat nebular form of wit seemed to catch the girls' fancies which left his comrades caught by their short ones. We love you. A friend.

Sometime this 11th year I will see my 2000th day and 1400th class, ending an era which has produced the Union of the Class of 1983. We will always remember and reflect its life; the fun, crises, profs, term papers, Stratford, Ottawa, oranges, Macbeth ... I graduate with reverence and satisfaction, an antientropic microbe in an unencompassible, omni coinfluencing entropic universe. Thanks to fellow-workers, family, and the staff, whose effort and quality I much respect.



TOM HOOD

I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in and keeps my mind from wandering where it will go

-Beatles
I've waited eleven years for this and I've got nothing to say. Just like to thank all my friends for a crazy time in high school, especially Big Alb, Brucester, Miguel, Stevester, and Moose. Keep in touch so we can all go to the barn someday. And play hockey till our lungs collapse. That's it chao!



SEIJI GUTTIERREZ

It took his classmates nine years to realize Glen's potential for fame, but we, now enlightened, leave stupefied by the savoir-faire in his eloquence, his charisma, and his zest for the good life. With a flair for fashion, Glen has become a trendsetter in his own time, with his ATARI and his brown attaché case. Resident at the Selly hall of Fame, Glen is ready for the world - a well deserved tribute - in the words of J.F. Goodhall, "We don't hose around!"



GLEN FREEDMAN



CHRISTIAN ROBERTSON

Rumoured as thirty, Christian's ten years at SHS have proven to be rather eventful, be it on the field, in the halls, or the consuming whirlpool of social activities. Although highly devoted to his homework, he somehow managed to take part in a battery of social engagements. The doer of many a dangerous deed, he often amazed his friends with his uncanny ability to injure himself. Often seen at Plunex all gooped-up, his trend setting style and the occasional rendezvous with the Fab-four, will always be remembered.

D.H.

The lived moment of Life is the only reality. The past is finished, the future not yet. Past follows into present and both shape the future. Now it's time to LIVE some more, move on to CEGEP, carry the good times, and forget the bad. Any brain can hide -- few can stand. Any kid can fly -- few can land. Any gang can scatter -- few can form. Any kid can chatter -- few can inform. Pete Townshend that's it!



GEOFFREY MOORE



STEPHEN PENNER

I have not much to say (funny for a guy who couldn't shut his mouth) on this the occasion of my grad note. I've a lot to thank S.H.S. for. This school made me literate, for example. Athletics have taught me how to play sports as a team, and how to react calmly to situations on the field of combat. Through, at my years of Selwyn, I have found myself thinking back to my first days at school thinking about how I was going to survive the torture of the Selwyn image. Somehow I managed (though I don't know I did it) to survive, and as I leave Selwyn I can say that Selwyn has given me something that will last my entire life, corny as it may sound, Selwyn gives each student a sense of values, so that when I graduate from Selly I will be able to go down the road with a map in my hand. THANKS



PROBAL LALA

After my five year stay at Selly, I find it difficult to believe that I am finally leaving. Leaving, however, means change and change means new challenges and experiences. Thus, instead of bidding you adieu, I say aurevoir and wish you and my fellow grads all the best for the future. I leave Selly with a heavy heart, but also with the knowledge that it has given me all it has to offer. Bien que je pars, je me souviens. Thank you all!

My seven years at Selwyn House have been quite an experience. I'd like to thank all my friends and classmates who made my Selwyn years psychic! A special Thanks to the Fab Four and fellow party commandos. It's a wonderful time to be alive. Wonderful people everywhere. The way they comb their hair makes me want to say it's a wonderful place!



GUY MacLAREN



JOHN KELLY

John's roots in the 'Times and his cultural stint in England have made him a gentleman, a model to us all. Never one to overdo it and always having his head screwed on straight, John has proven to be the most innovative sartorial personality. Always leading the field in hairstyling: first the fro, next new wave. The prophet who enlightened us with tunes such as B 52's and Duran Duran. Bonne chance et aurevoir mais pas adieu.

DE.

A fun loving kind of guy

- The Jewish Journal

Jamie has been at Selwyn for five years. In a ROUND about way, he has been the perfect tease. Fat Buddy has managed to put up with almost every insult imaginable. If Jamie had given as much effort to academics as he has to calorie consumption, he would surely be a prodigy. Despite his spherical figure, Boss is an excellent skier, and baseball player. Memories: pool parties, Dunns, a faithfully open house, food, and more food, consideration and friendship. Thanks. C'mon guys.



JAMES PHILLIPS



Avoiding Intelligence And Reason Devoid Of Human Sympathy, The Romanticist Seeks The Finer Spirit Of All Knowledge Understanding Better The Totality Of Life. He Prefers The Sentimental To The Rational. He Demands Maximal Involvement Of Self Affirming Introspection And Judgement. He is Absorbed With Heroism, Emotion, Idealism, Agony, Ecstasy, And Fate. He Realizes The Development Of Moral Character Is Almost Solely The Product Of Human Relationships. Thanks To All Who Helped Me Further My Goals.



SEAN SCENSOR



THOMAS MacFARLANE

Mars Pit KJ Marks Gaei DDD Matt Ott Moun + lie MACT Pete + The boys Troubs 8 Lingsaltines Dumb Punks Ogla Pranks M+D conn Latin Jigs Gizz Sue Devil Looking up Sing Dance Carb Roasts Max Bull Pouss in Grad France Mark Rollon Willie Bad influence Contest knives Met Prouts Beac Looking down Jem Long nights Tiny Je Suis Steve Woh Baby! football Hockey Rugby SHS was priviledged to have had Tom, as was to have had him as a good friend. You have a great future pal. Thanks for making these years easier for me.

-Steve

Five years to sum up in one paragraph. Impossible, you say! You're right. Selwyn House has provided me with friendships and memories too numerous to list; so I just want to say thanks to all.



MURDO MURCHISON



NICK TINGLEY

At School one day, a friend asked me how I maintained such a harried look. Evidently my eleven years at Selly have shown strange repercussions. One thing I have learned here is that there are people who care and you don't have to go far to find them. To all my friends: you are the goodness that makes the punch spiked in the party of life. Special thanks to Cessa, C.R., V.G., BB, ME, HT, D.H. Remember we were not born to see through people, but to see people through.

I have been at SHS for eleven years. Throughout these years I have lived through many experiences, some good, some bad. However, despite all the work, I have had fun. When I first came here in grade one, I was a scared little boy who never expected to survive the eleven years. Now that they are over, I am glad to have had such an adventure. Now I'm off to Scotland for a few years, so Good-bye Selwyn House ...



BECKETT THOMSEN



PHILLIPPE VENTURA

During his five years at SHS Phil has been known to be a quiet guy who usually minds his own business. Phil seems to have broken out of his shell as he parties every Saturday. Amazingly enough Phil has done very well in academics although he seems to be struggling to stay awake during class. Anyhow the best of success in whatever path you decide to follow.

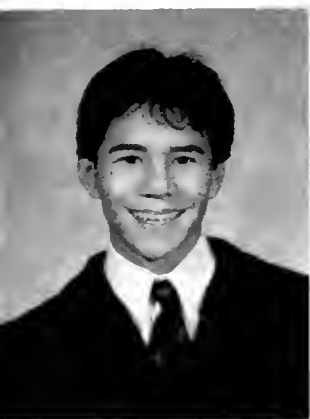
A friend.

"There are many who did know him
But not the way we did
Sure enough he has a wild one
As is the most hungry kid."

Fab-For hits the Beaver Club. This school has transformed me. New Boy, be aware. The most important thing is Friendship. To all my friends, may we all meet in Schaeffer City.
"Life was easy when it was boring."



NICHOLAS VON MOLTKE



EDWIN TAGUCHI

Edwin Taguchi, resident master of bawdry at SHS as been here for half a decade. Meanwhile, "Twisted Steel" has maintained a solid gold record in wrestling, rugby, football, and soccer while managing to show up for a couple of games too. A softspoken individual, this Japanese doll to us shelters a wild and exciting nerbonic character. This underrated superstar has offered his friendship to everyone and his gentlemanly nature has made quite an impression on his friends here at Selly. Thanks for the good memories, Edwin; you'll be missed. S.S. - One of your many friends.



KARIM SHARIFF

I always thought that I was to emerge from Selwyn House with that most sought after new awareness of what life is about. I guess one's education is a continuous process. Selwyn House has been a definite part of this process. Looking back on five awesomely interesting years, I sense a burst of strength - R.C., L.B., Coast, J.P., Macbeth, Dad, 9, 23, 12, 15, Freud, Islam, PSSC, dice, N.D., Dillinger's H to H, Marcus, Omar. Sometimes, I wish I could only revive a few meaningful moments. What is most satisfying is that in the days to come I will long for other distant flights. This is what Selwyn House has meant for me. I have learned to imagine the real and realize the imaginary.



MICHEAL STEVENSON

Great! My last year at SHS and this note is sort of a passport out. Not that it's been bad. Thank you teachers for teaching me. Thanks to all my friends for all the fun. The Real World looms and another casual individualist prepares to leave. So long Selwyn and good luck to those who remain!

"All of us are in the gutter but a few are looking to the stars."

-Oscar Wilde

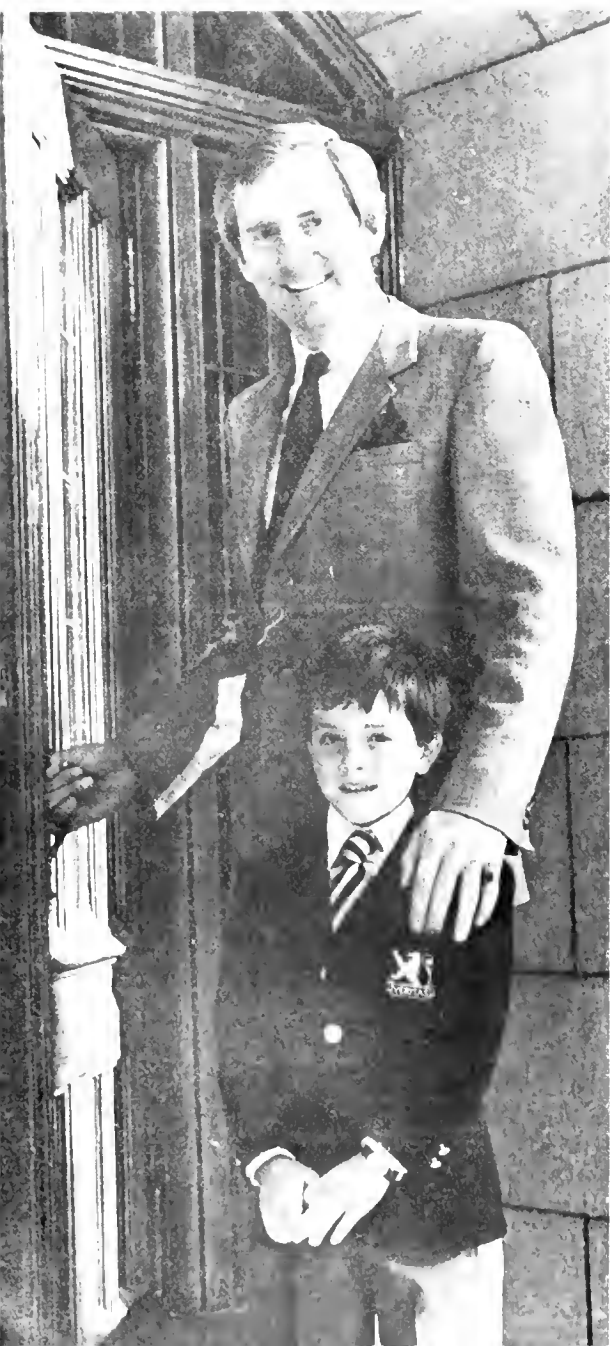
Trust me, its Pledge.



History of my junior years - getting in trouble with Ogilvie. History of my middle school year - getting in trouble with Ogilvie. History of my later years - having a great time and not getting caught. Who can forget Stratford? Who can remember the ball? What about the funny oranges? What happened to the Study sign? Yo Ho Silverado! Future students remember one thing: the more you put in, the more you'll get out of the old place. Bye.



JAMES SOUTAR



CLASSES



10A



K. Nader
F. Fato
F. Hyde

A. Seely
A. Ramsey
C. Porteous

D. Doyle
J. Blanshay
S. Siev
P. Roman

G. Samuel
P. Spaniel
F. Ahmad
A. Joo

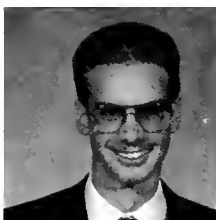
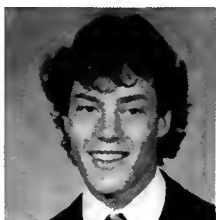
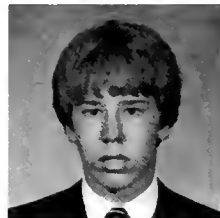
B. Dungan
R. Drummond
M. Capombassis
N. Beaton

B. Sheldon
S. Sofin
M. Audet
C. Lord

Audet:	"Hurt my knee"
Ahmad:	Furry
Beaton:	N-i-i-i-t
Blanshay:	Slamdance
Capombassis:	Pea-Brain, Hot Head
Doyle:	"What time did you get up today?"
Drummond:	Wheels, Coach, Je suis
Dungan:	"I'll call you a cab, Bob."
Fato:	"Hey, Blood!"
Hyde:	Hippie
Joo:	"It's not my job; waah!!!"
Lord:	Slick
Nader:	"You stepped on my face!"
Chuck:	Bosley
Ramsey:	"Hello, Susan", perfect
Roman:	Candy-ass
Samuel:	Bed-Stuy
Seely:	Headlights
Sheldon:	Thumper
Siev:	Bushbanger
Sofin:	Little Egg
Spaniel:	The Intellectual
Dr. Harker:	Academy Award for Most Patient Director.



10B



J. Dick
A. Zitzmann
P. Huang
H. Mehnert

E. Blachford
P. Thompson
A. Emili
B. Ajdukovic

F. Svenstedt
R. Mason
C. Keene
K. Fukada

J. Bray
P. Handa
D. Kydonieffs
D. Higgins

A. Marshall
E. Bunge
M. Sandblom

T. Razek
A. Sader
E. Widdicombe

I grease back my hair and apply my war paint,
For in 10B I now have a date.
I enter swiftly, back to the wall,
I'm almost caught by three punks and the crawl!
A torrent of weekend gossip about girls and leather,
I duck it and see the boys by the desk together.
Swinging my weapon, I am hit in the face,
By the light of a flash bulb, and data on the nuclear race.
Let's see - if I avoid the refined punk, just maybe,
But the dude just stands and shouts "Whoa Baby!"
I dash for the desk, a chair, some sticks,
But fall right in front of a duo of hicks!
I sidestep them but almost drown
In the tears of those whose computer is down.
Two more fellows watch with the fanatical gaze,
While the last remaining man is so mellow, he's in a daze!
I lead them all down the hall to the fountains
Break open a Busch, boys, let's head for the mountains!



D. Bates
D. McLaren
G. Guttman
D. Bentley

K. McCall
F. Gervais
C. Pratley
M. Nadler

J. Richler
D. Pickwood
A. Kwong
J. Kay

M. Caruso
D. Sweeney
A. Bruun
V. Whitehead
R. Denis

9 A

QUOTES AND NOTES ON THE CLASS OF 9A

Darren Bates:	Lost.
Doug Bentley:	"Really?!"
Adam Bruun:	Adam Ant.
Matt "Spike" Caruso:	S.C.T.V.
Richard Denis:	"Pass the oil can."
Fred Gervais:	"Sorry, Sir, but there was a lot of traffic on the Champlain."
Greg Guttman:	His favourite word is "mega-scuz".
Jon Kay:	THE ultimate definition of the word loquacity.
Andrew Kwong:	Normy baby!!
Kai McCall:	The Corn Flake man.
Duncan McLaren:	"Oh! I'm sorry. Did I step on you?"
Mathew Nadler:	9A's answer to Psycho, Halloween, and Friday the 13th.
David Pickwood:	"How many religious architects does it take to screw in a light bulb?"
Chris Pratley:	"Like, way to go, man!"
Jake Richler:	Well, he's kinda hard to describe.
Danny Sweeney:	"You'll never believe what happened to me!!" Nobody did.
Victor Whitehead:	His input per class barely exceeds that of a dust molecule.

9 B

S. Ghattas
C. Gillett
R. Wexler
D. Jones



T. Chugtai
T. Winn
N. Campeau
R. Ritchie



A. Soutar
J. Bishop
M. McNally
E. Cote



R. Hart
J. Kaps
B. Lunny
E. Szpty
B. Cawdron



9C



D. Lemoine
C. Naudie
A. Thomson



R. Ouimet
G. Grant
W. Riordon
J. Smith
A. Rink



P. Jabal
T. Ford
E. Neuenschwander
C. Newman
C. McGilton



D. Nemeth
T. Bishop
J. Hreno
A. Ip
D. Kredl

Bishop:	C'mon guys give me back my glasses and dictionary.
Ford:	E = MC ² , EINSTEIN WAS ABSURD.
Grant:	A SATURDAY MORNING PRACTICE - I'll be sick.
Hreno:	G.I. Jason (THE GREEN BARET)
Ip:	I think I failed this test.
Jabal:	T-R-U-E-B-L-U-E C-O-M-P-U-S-C-H-M-O-O.
Kredl:	Hais, Salut Dig-it man!!
Lemoine:	I heard this NEW SONG on CHOM last night. It's so amazing by the group CRASS
McGilton:	Shut up Lemoine!!!
Naudie:	Our own EDDY HASKEL.
Nemeth:	SPOON
Neun:	What's sex Mr. Manion?
Newman:	Naudie's ole' Pen Pal.
Ouimet:	Motor bikes and chicks - History and wrestling = Life
Rink:	PUTH - BEAR
Riordon:	BMX is the BEST with a P.R. RIPPER.
Smith:	I know these really amazing chicks that love me, but I dumped them last night.
Thomson:	GOOD GAWD!!!

8 A



W. Gibbs
E. Ouimet
R. Cihelka

R. Usher-Jones
D. Kaufman
N. Adamson

L. MacDonald
M. Kronish
D. Tang-Wai

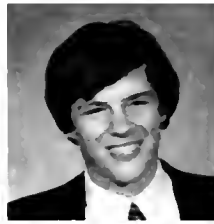
B. Graham
M. Penner
G. Sopel

P. Capombassis
C. George
A. Duffield



"So that's how the fire alarm works ..."

8 B



P. Lala
C. Clark
D. Verchere

D. Feder
L. Hausner
R. Moore-Ede

A. Kuilman
D. Ramsay
T. Schopflocher

R. Sarfi
M. Zenaitis
M. Csabrajetz

B. Taylor
J. Von Moltke
M. Claener





8C



M. Pathy
F. Bolza
S. Sniderman
C. Cloutier

J. Dale
N. Marchand
P. Ried
J. Sandblom

R. Emond
A. Bradley
A. Bard
D. Munro

P. Morden
J. Blundell
J. Turner

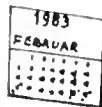
W. Black
D. Lehnert
P. Shatilla

A. Smith
S. McConnell
A. Acs

Some of the memorable sayings of this year:

Acs:	Cheeseball.
Bard:	Sorry, Sir, my detention just slipped my mind.
Black:	-Black, how come you haven't watered my plants? -But, Sir, they are dead.
Blundell:	Black, quit putting food in my pockets.
Bolza:	Bolza, weel you shat up! (from a well known teacher)
Bradley:	Bardley, get that stupid grin off you face.
Cloutier:	Hey, Jamie, who are you going out with now; as I remember ...
Dale:	Chronic gambler.
Emond:	Master of the obvious question.
Lehnert:	Well, my mother is a biophysicist and ...
Marchand:	I'm gonna fail this test so bad!
McConnell:	Gaudeamus igitur, iuvenes dum sumus.
Morden:	Ut ameris, amabilis esto.
Munro:	Massively awesome, freaky.
Pathy:	I wasn't talking to you, Sir.
Reid:	What do you mean, homework?
Sandblom:	Hey, Sam can I copy your homework? I felt lazy last night.
Shatilla:	Homework? What homework?
Smith:	Alias Buckwheat and Alla Yamashkin.
Sniderman:	Hey, Cloutier, I met this girl at E C S and ... (censored)
Turner:	Cuiusvis hominis est errare, nullius nisi insipientis in errore perseverare.

SÍ, SEÑOR PORTEOUS. THE
FIRST 40 PAGES ARE ON THEIR
WAY RIGHT THEES MINUTE.



EL PACO
COURIERS



SEÑOR PORTEOUS... ABOUT THOSE
40 PAGES... THEY'RE MISSING...
SEÑOR PORTEOUS?... HOLA?...



EL PACO
COURIERS



ELEMENTARY SCHOOL



7A



E. Williams
K. Berlin
C. Chassé
J. Comyn
R. Dibadj

J. Dubravick
N. Ducic
K. Eakin
N. Fiore
E. Gilman

T. Ham
N. Harnack
A. Hill
P.E. Marko
G. Molson

K. Palko
N. Podbrey
A. Waterston
D. Waxman
S. Weisberg



7B

N. Matossian
D. Seely
B. Ledrew
E. Knai
P. Zukow



K. Kerr
A. Smith
M. Wolforth
M. Olders
N. Riddell



R. Fritz-Nemeth
S. Horrobin
I. Blachford
C. Brawn
C. Mah



R. Briscoe
S. Dick
J. Hesler
D. Golberg
J. Price



Ian:	Yo, big mama!
Chris:	Bubble brain.
Robert:	IBM is best.
Scott:	Gobble, gobble!
Ray:	Polishing the old apple.
Danny:	Well, like, we sort of lost, but ...
John:	Well, um, you know, like, well, it's this way ...
Steven:	Sir, I prefer antidisestablishmentarianism.
Kyle:	What was that, sir?
Eric:	Do you UNDERSTAND this?
Brian:	First lunch and cake for dessert!!
Clarence:	Is the computer room open?
Nicholas:	Fuzzy - wuzzy.
Michael:	Who broke my disk box?
Jason:	Yo bro?!
Neil:	I finally got one right!
Dugald:	What will you trade Viper for?
Andrew:	How many minutes left?
Mark:	What do YOU want?
Peter:	Shut up!
J.P.M.:	The fisherman.

T. Brierly
D. DeBono
N. Bertos
P. Boubli



6A

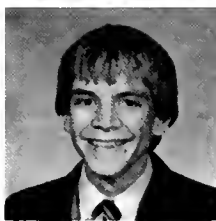
R. Birks
R. Birshan
C. Brabander
C. Campeau
B. Duffield



E. Garson
R. Grant
R. Harper
B. Johnson
S. Lubinski



D. Matthews
S. MacDonald
J. Mulder
N. Quinlan
M. Sandford



T. Schopflocher
J. Tsadilas
M. Verchere
J. Vineberg
R. Vineberg



Birks:
Birshan:
Brabander:
Campeau:
Duffield:
Garson:
Grant:
Harper:
Johnson:
Lubinski:
Mathews:
MacDonald:
Mulder:
Quinlan:
Sandford:
Schopflocher:
Tsadilas:
Verchere:
Vineberg, J.:
Vineberg, R.:
Parent:

M. DéDé
M. Tranquille
M. Pro ou M. Pillule ou M. Madaaame
M. Vacance ou M. Pickell
M. Perfection
M. Pascomprendre ou M. Bleu
M. Toilette
M. Quoi?
M. Adam Fourmi
M. 2000 volts
M. Point d'exclamation!
M. Energizer
M. Retard
M. Eparpillé
M. Jean de la Lune
M. Sourire
M. Salade
M. Pinee sans rire
M. E.T.
M. Bel Humeur
Mme Shuuut ... les gars!!!

6B



S. Bouhairie
M. Bruneau
J. Claener
G. Cook
E. Dimitriou

J. Gillespie
P. Higgins
M. LeMoine
I. Macaulay
G. Mah

P. Pathy
J. Ray
E. Riordon
J. Ritchie
T. Rochford

R. Schwartz
M. Stevenson
G. Tissot
A. Webster
G. Welsford

Bouhairie:
Bruneau:
Claener:
Cook:
Dimitriou:
Gillespie:
Higgins:
LeMoine:
Macaulay:
Mah:
Pathy:
Ray:
Riordon:
Ritchie:
Rochford:
Schwartz:
Stevenson:
Tissot:
Webster:
Welsford:

Monsieur, qu'est-ce qu'on fait?
B-B-B-Bonjour, J-J-J-J'aime jouer au Donjons et dragons. Au-au-au-au revoir!
Ah, ces gerbilles ...
On ne trouve pas la saveur de Cookie.
Ha! Ha! Ha! Graeme.
Eh! As-tu du foin?
Ah oui, j'comprends ...!
Tu es complètement fou?!
Faites attention a Big Mac.
Mini, mini, miniMah.
Fu____tu vas mourir.
J'ai oublié mon devoir à la maison.
T'es mort après l'école.
Imaginez Jamie lever la tête pour regarder Richard.
Ben oui là!!!
Savourez Schlitz!
Good Lord!
Tissot porte une Tissot.
Absent Monsieur, il ne trouve plus sa tête dans sa jungle (chambre).
Regarde mon beau dessin.

5A

R. Blatt
H. Borntraeger
E. Brand
D. Cohen
P. Csabrajetz



B. Dougherty
J. Eaton
B. Ferger
G. Fok
T. Gray-Donald



J. Guthrie
C. Hanson
D. Hinchey
D. Meisels
T. Osborne

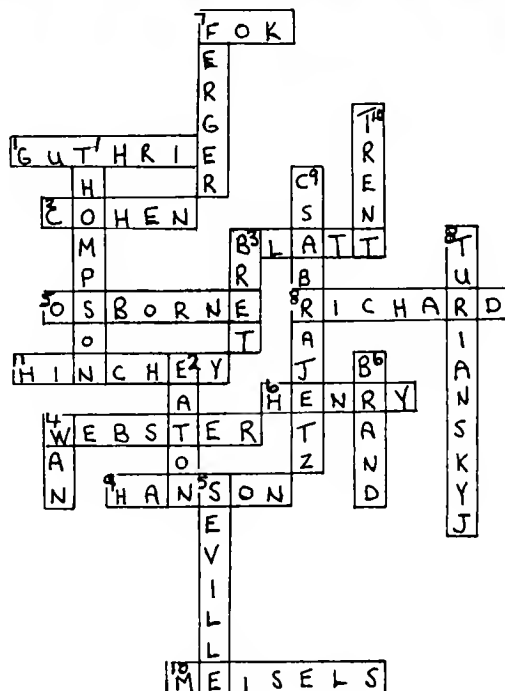


R. Tang-Wai
B. Thompson
F. Turianskyj
V. Wan
S. Webster



ACROSS

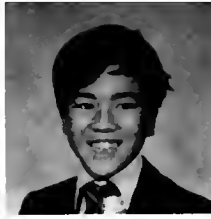
1. "Yeth, Sir!"
2. Resident scientist
3. "MY country's friend"
4. "MY country"
5. Resident "worry wart"
6. "Hot lips"
7. First name was a pope
8. Council man
9. Good looking
10. Red spots
11. Coffee thief



DOWN

1. The "flapping" new kid
2. The Bay Rival
3. Carrot top
4. "Half pini"
5. "Jazz Man"
6. "Sorry Sir, Sorry Sir ..."
7. Burger King
8. Furry feline
9. Too tall Paul
10. Burger King's friend

5B



P. Birks
J. Brockhouse
O. Bruun
W. Carsley



W. Dodge
L. Drummond
M. Gavrilovic
M. Hainsworth
E. Herba



M. Kilpinen
J.P. Kovalik
A. Martin
T. MacKay
K. O'Brien



K. Peacock
O. Sandblom
S. Sockett
D. Yelin
A. Zitzmann

Can you imagine

PATRICK BIRKS not thinking about the holidays?
JONATHAN BROCKHOUSE not having ink on his hands?
OTTO BRUUN not thinking about the vending machines?
WILLIAM CARSLEY being a basketball player?
WILLIAM DODGE not liking video games?
LOUIS DRUMMOND not thinking about hockey?
MINYA GAVRILOVIC not chewing on a pen?
MYLES HAINSWORTH without a smile?
EDWARD HERBA talking all the time during class?
MIKKO KILPINEN not making weird noises in class?
JEAN PAUL KOVALIK talking too loudly?
ALASDAIR MARTIN having his books out on time?
TOM MACKAY finishing his classwork before anyone else?
KEVIN O'BRIEN not thinking about girls?
KEVIN PEACOCK keeping silent in class?
OLOF SANDBLOM not scaring the younger boys at recess?
STEPHEN SOCKETT having a tidy desk?
DANIEL YELIN forgetting to do his homework?
ANTHONY ZITZMANN being serious for a whole day?

8:15

ROLL CALL.

both ending in I (Kenyagos + them)

MICHAELS.

PRECINCT

4A

(Kruvides) (Bruck) + (Brown)
 declare ALEX, ANDREAS,
 ANTHONY —
 our litany.
 (Jones) insists that
 B is BRYN —
 closely followed by
 duo C
 CHRIS (Katon + Armo)
 now we all
 know that there must
 be a D — we take
 heed and locate
 DAVID (reid)
 (webster) makes it plain
 that he is next on the list.
 HOWIE
 our
 talker prodigious
 when he takes a breath!!
 we will introduce
 a scholarly dish —
 known to us all as
 IAN (Kronish)
 a hiatus ensues
 when a large (hill)
 proclaims - that - J
 comes next in the game -
 he tells all that he ranks —
 for JEFFREY —
 is his given name
 voices insist K. L. don't
 exist — so MARK is next
 in line — with a
 surname like (Schultz)
 it
 makes a most difficult rhyme.

causing hell with
 names that are hard
 to spell.

we get to R and RONALD
 steps out — don't fret
 lady all is well —
 my name is (Simpson)
 no trouble at all — it's
 easy to write OR to shout.

a polite voice intrudes —
 I don't wish to be rude
 but you know RI precedes
 RO — and RICHARD
 (Patterson) is here
 telling you so.

no fair says SEAN —
 not nice to me — the list
 should begin in last
 name order — I'm
 (Dougherty)

now calm down says
 TOM

our conservative
 one-by name of
 (Richardson)

(Prime (A.D. 2000) Minister)

dreamily, dreamily
 we finish this bill of

4A
 circa eighty three —
 as

a fellow called WILL
 tells us all
 that —
 (Smithies) he likes to be.

like heavenly twins the next to come in are two

Ray



Michael

Christian

Warren



Michael

Alexander



Robbie



Roddy

Stephen



Donald



Yves



Yasha



Karl



David



Jason



Chris

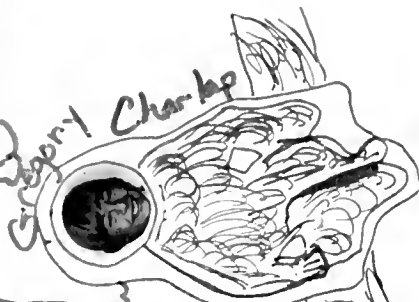


(Absent)

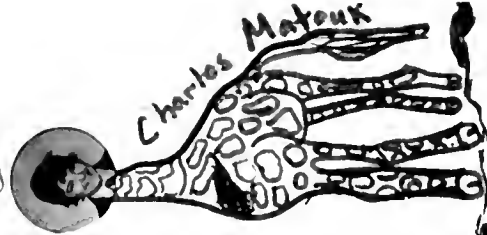




Mathews



Gregory Charles



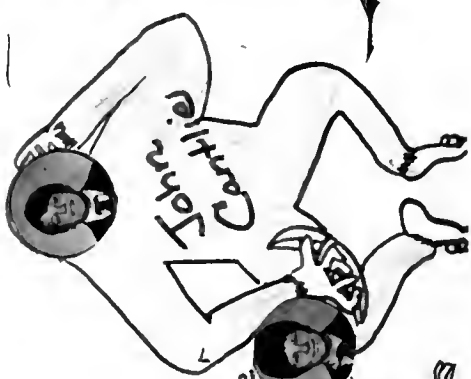
Charles Matoux



Holly Ponder



Christopher Hallward



Johnie



Timothy Hoare

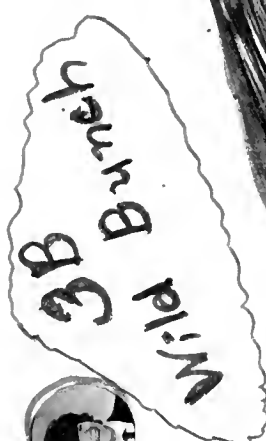
Dylan Adair



Charles Tingley



Naoki Sugano



Michael Broomfield



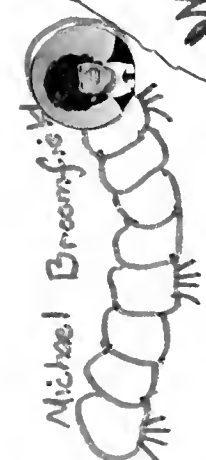
Sean Burpee



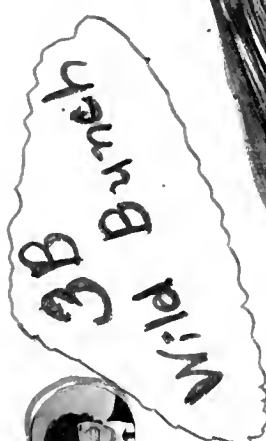
Erik Sandblom



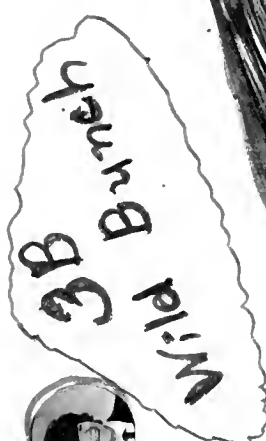
Sean Burpee



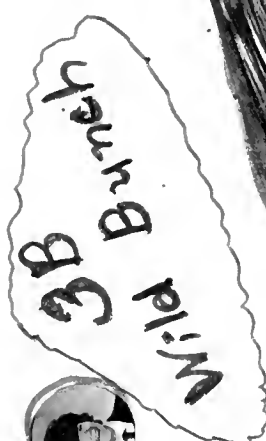
Michael Broomfield



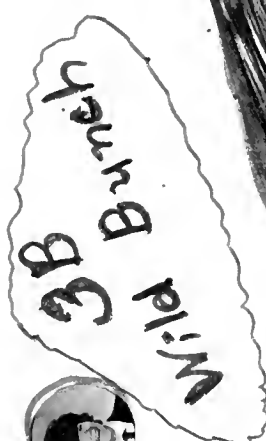
Michael Broomfield



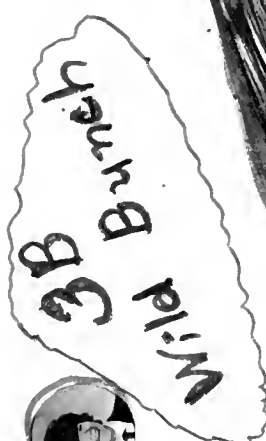
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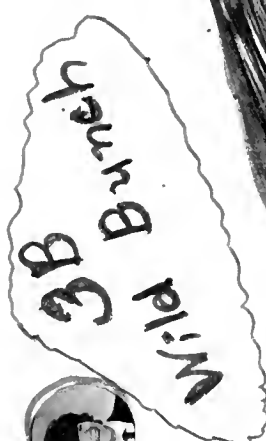
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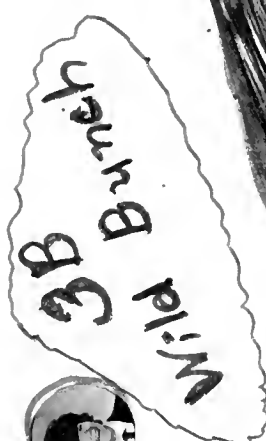
Michael Broomfield



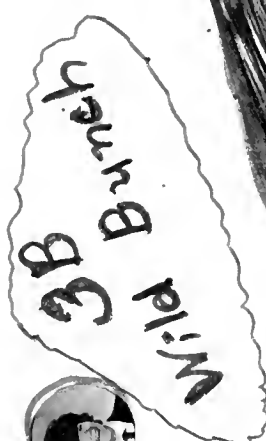
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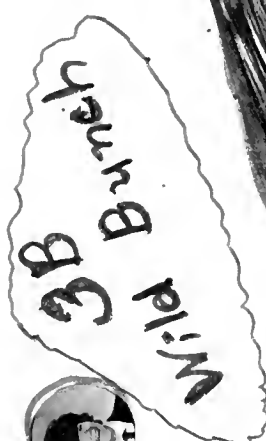
Michael Broomfield



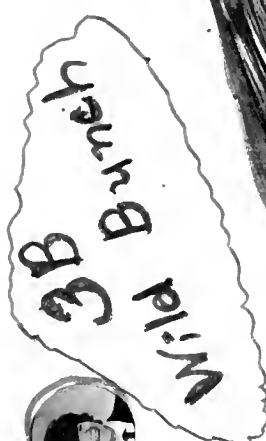
Michael Broomfield



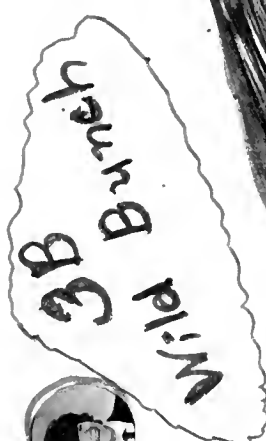
Michael Broomfield



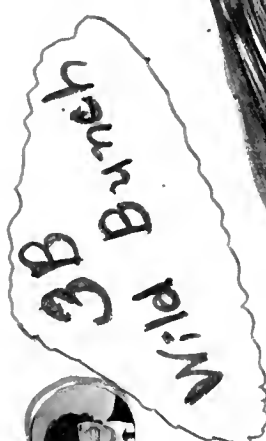
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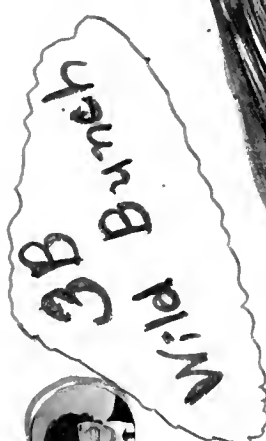
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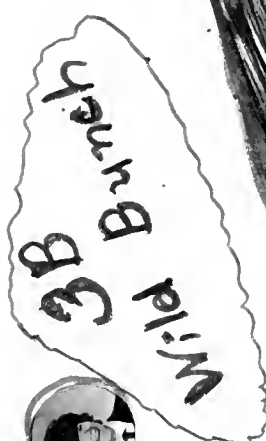
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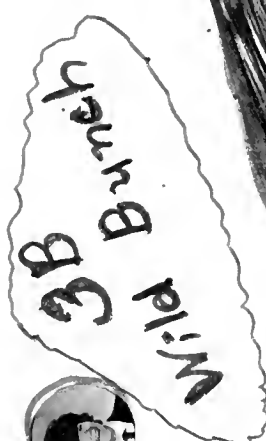
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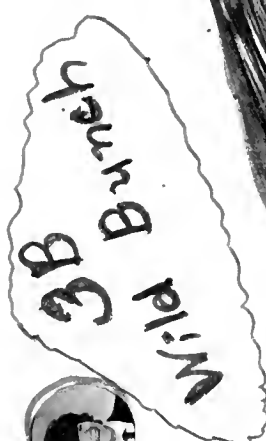
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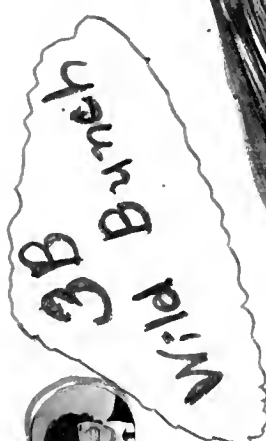
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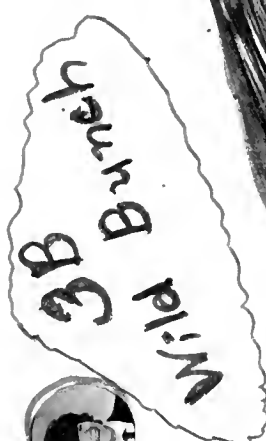
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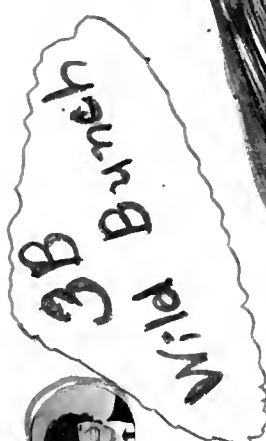
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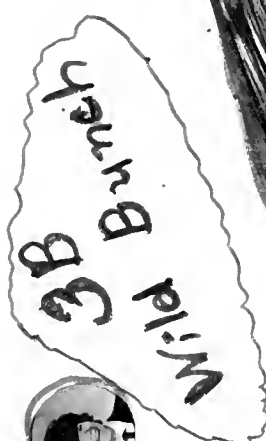
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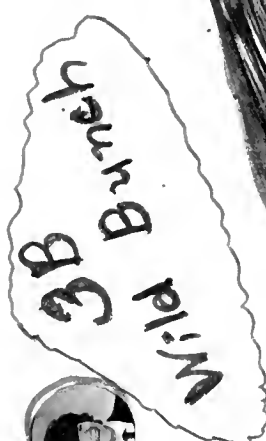
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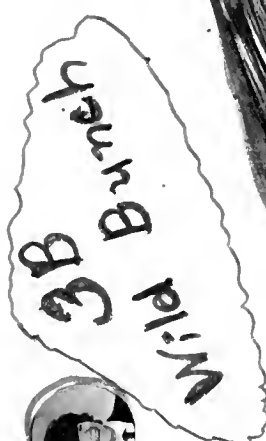
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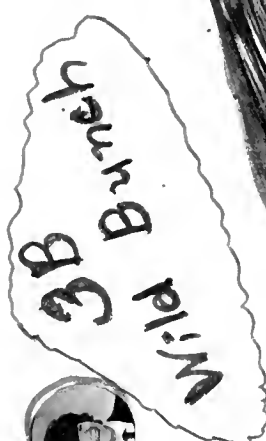
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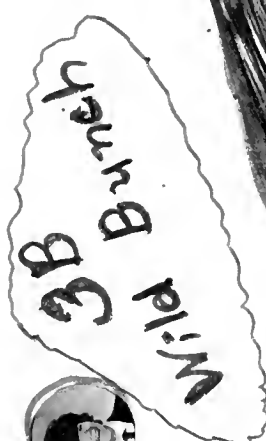
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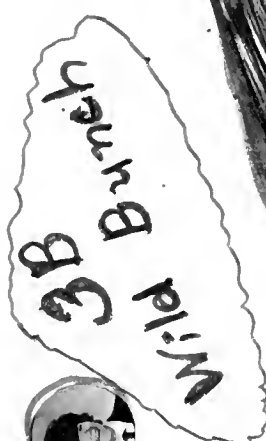
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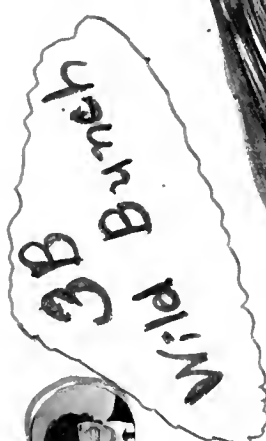
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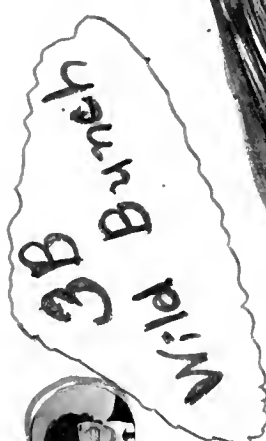
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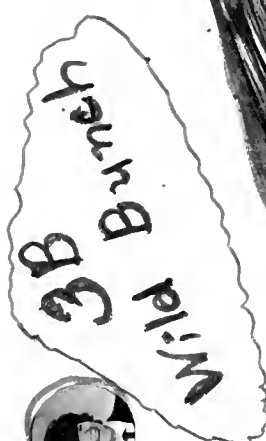
Michael Broomfield



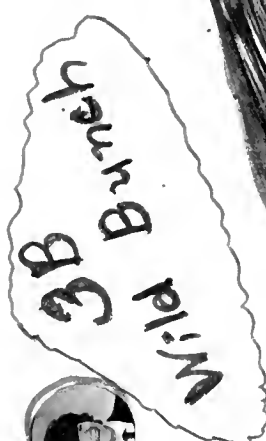
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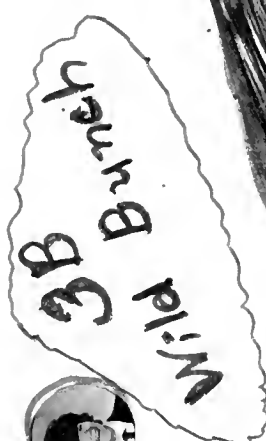
Michael Broomfield



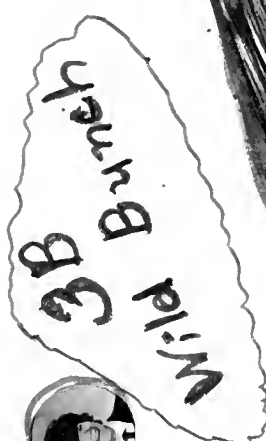
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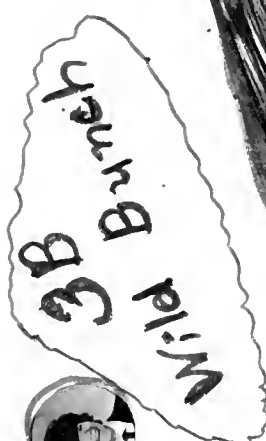
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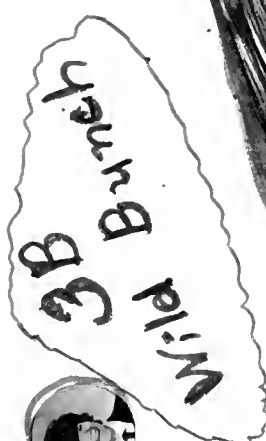
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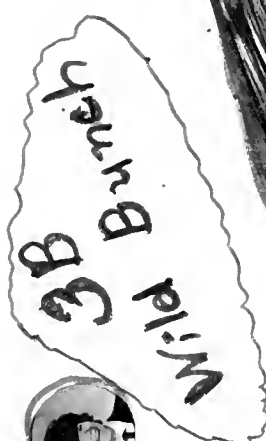
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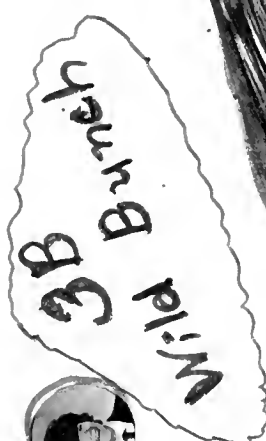
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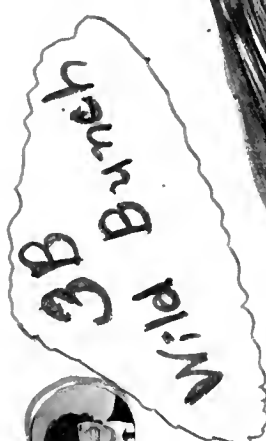
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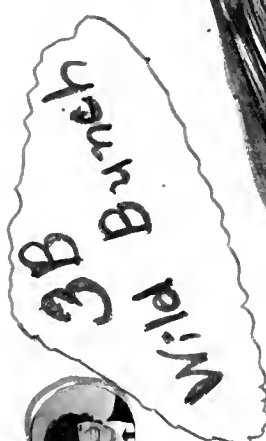
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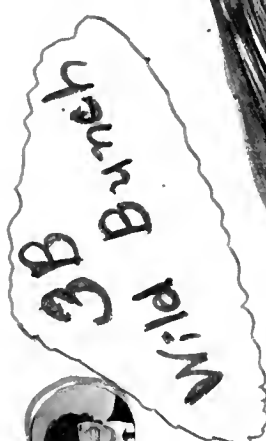
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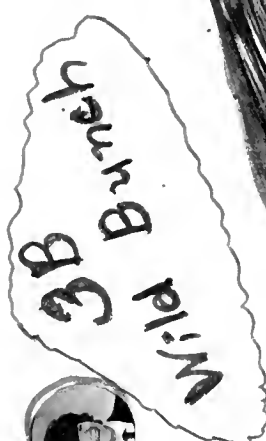
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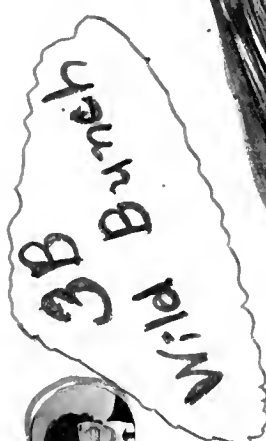
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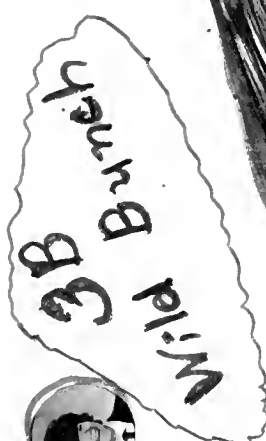
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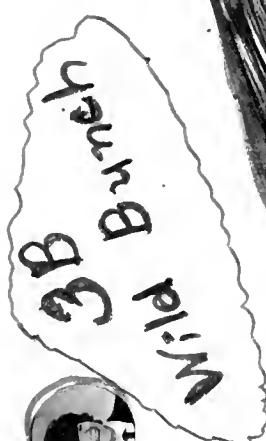
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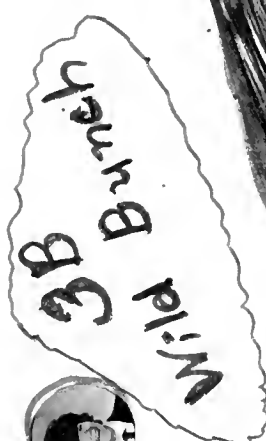
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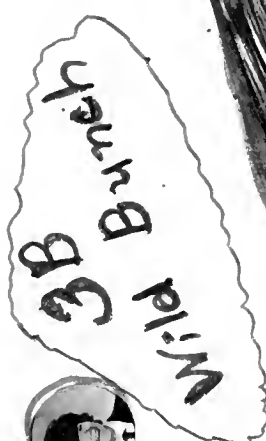
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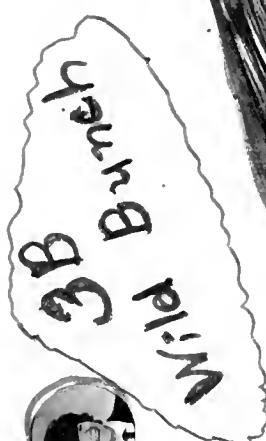
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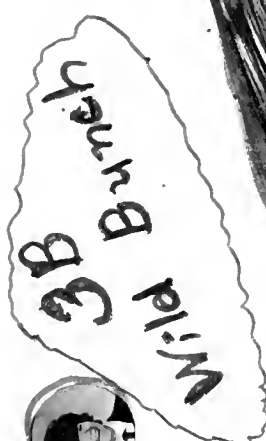
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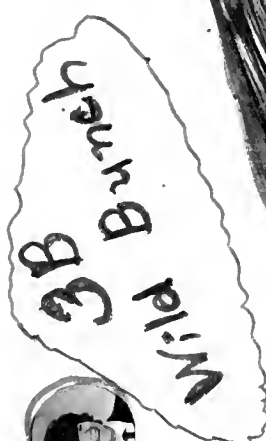
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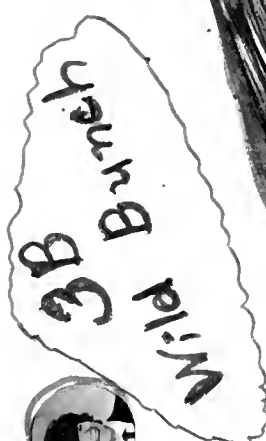
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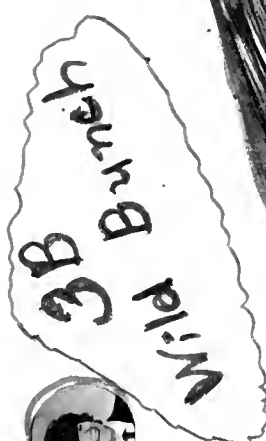
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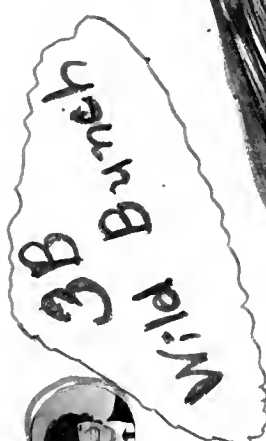
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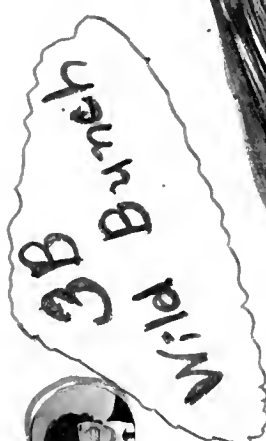
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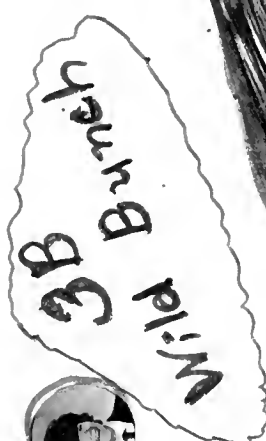
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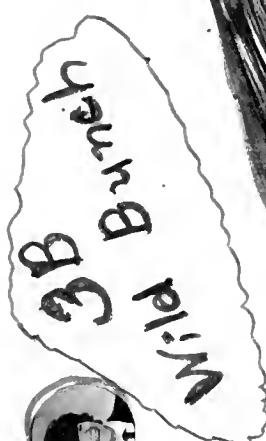
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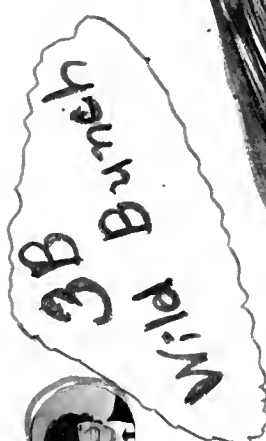
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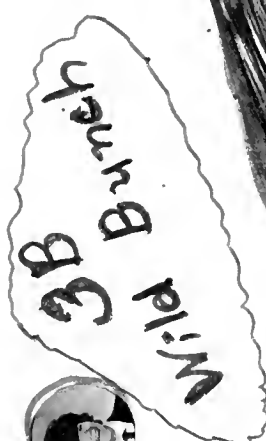
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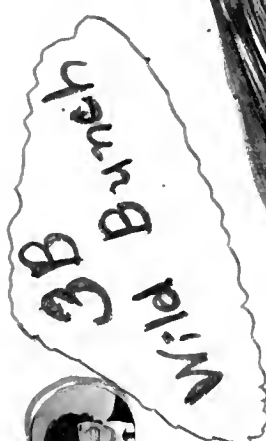
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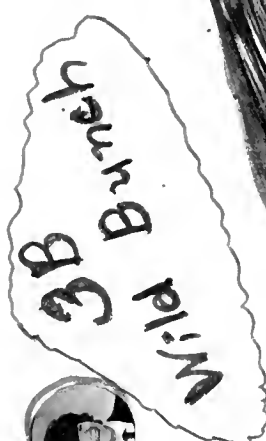
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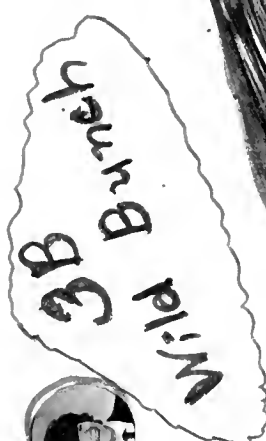
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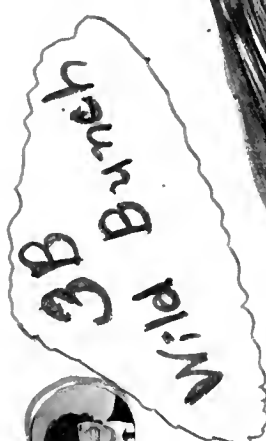
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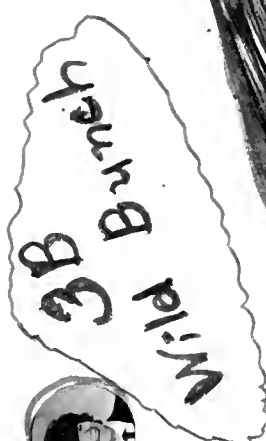
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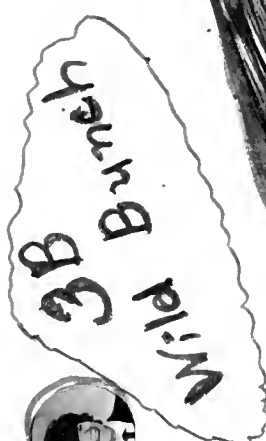
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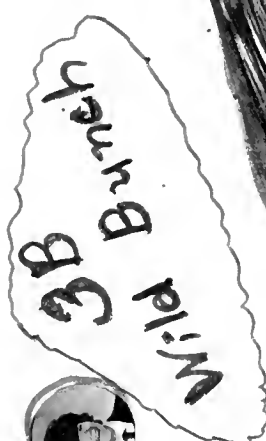
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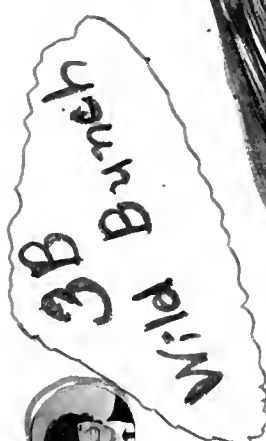
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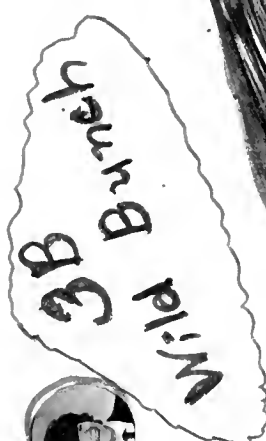
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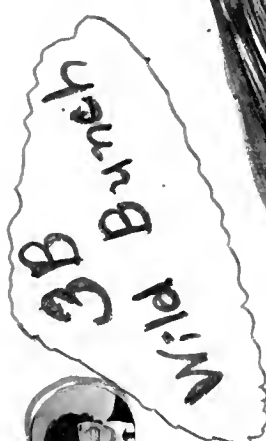
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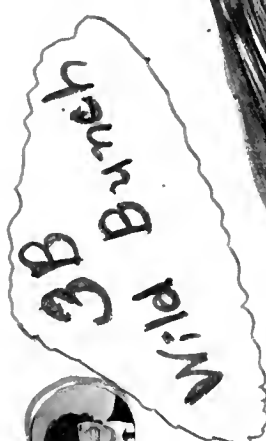
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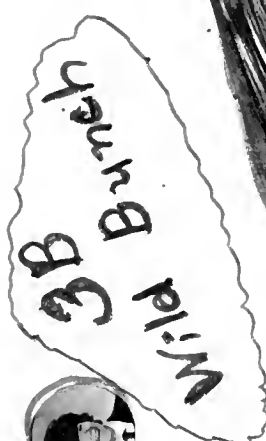
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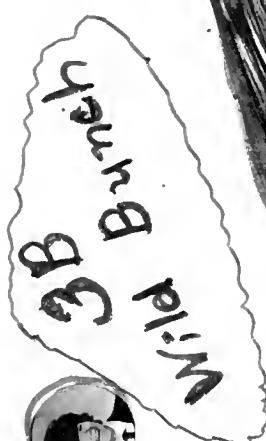
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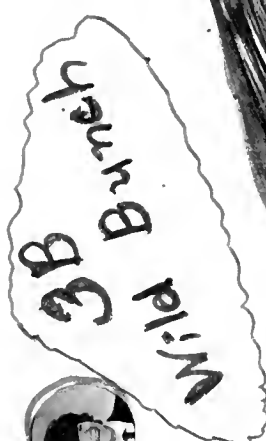
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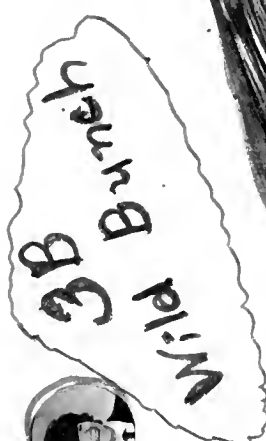
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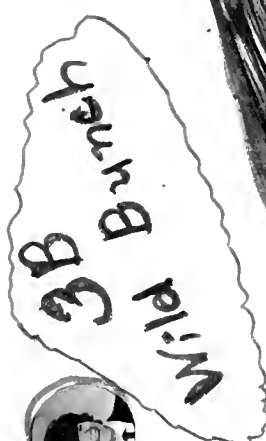
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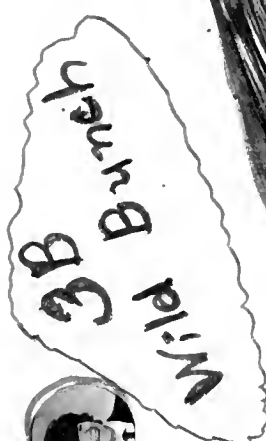
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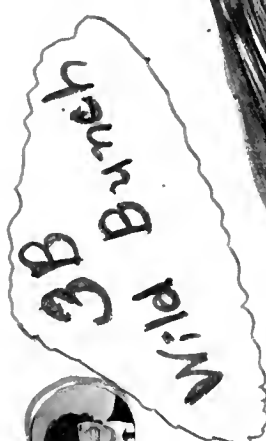
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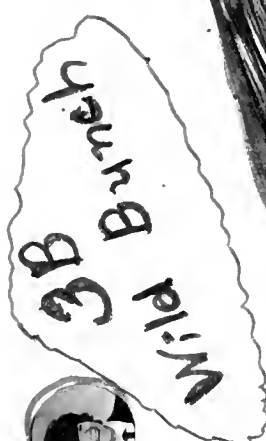
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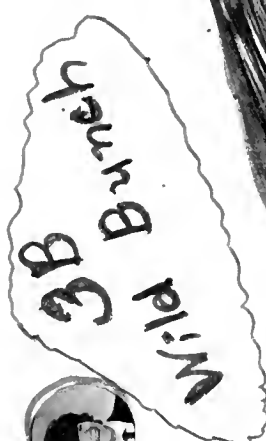
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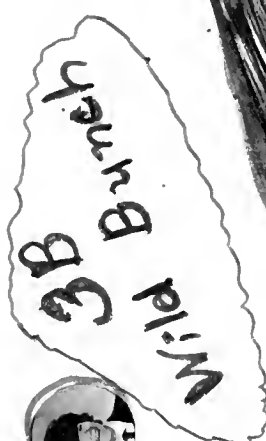
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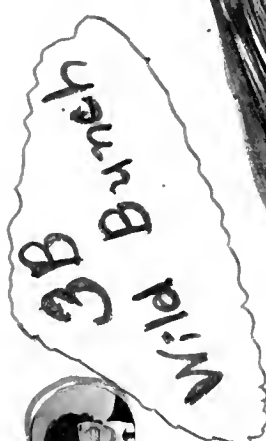
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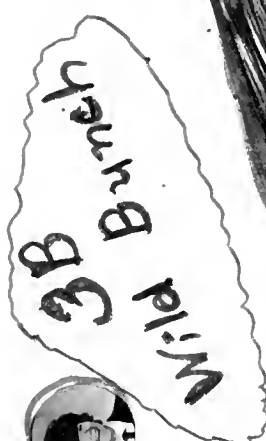
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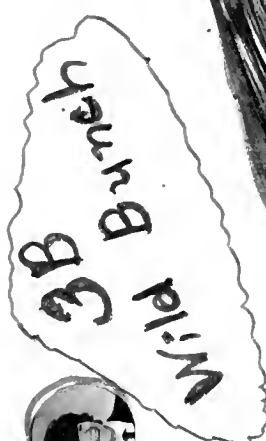
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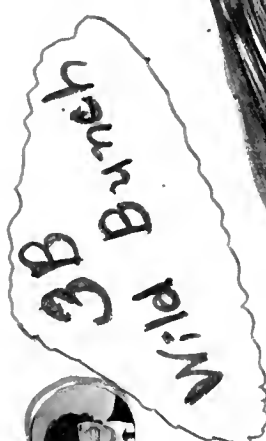
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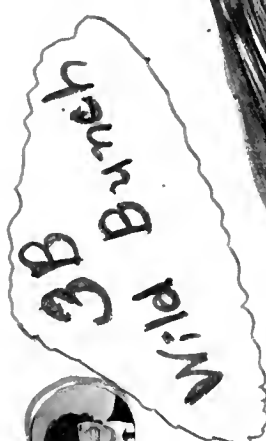
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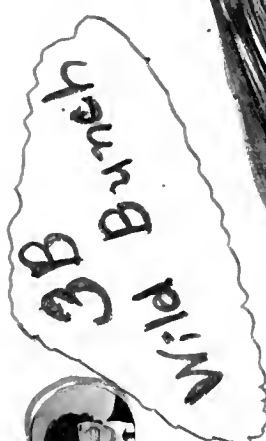
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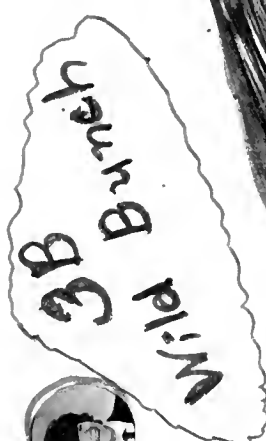
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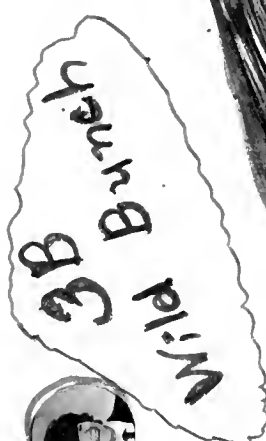
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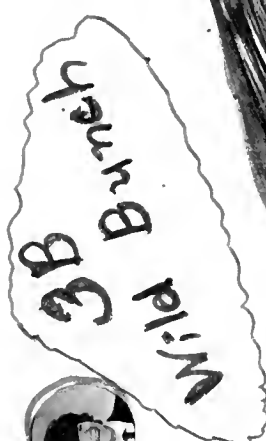
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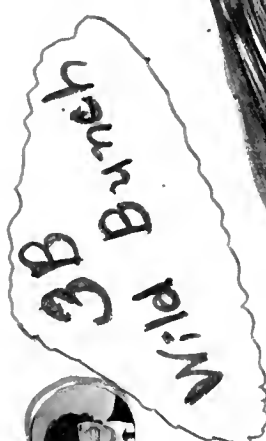
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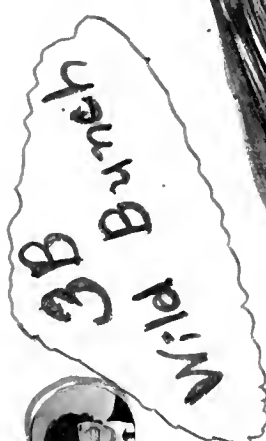
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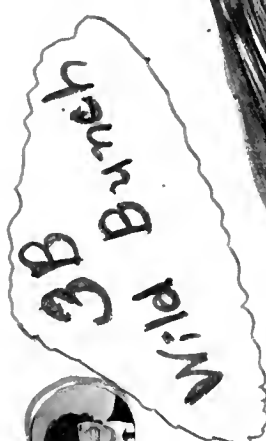
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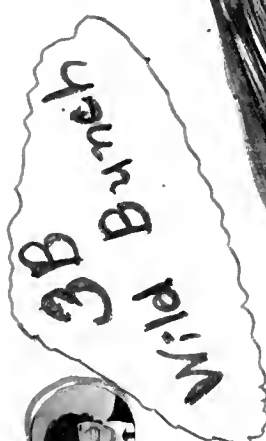
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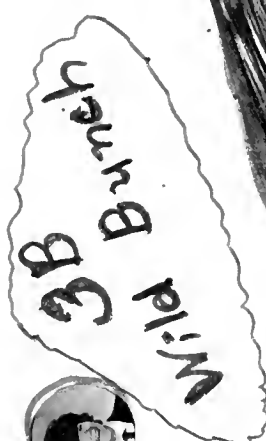
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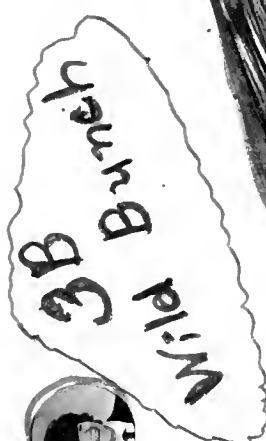
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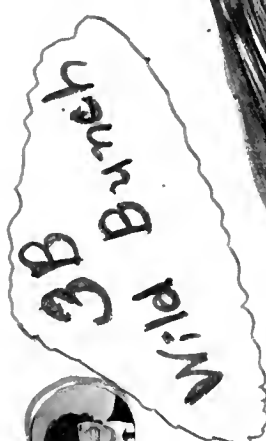
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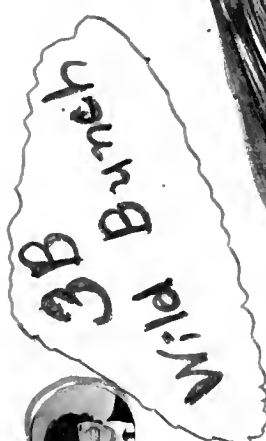
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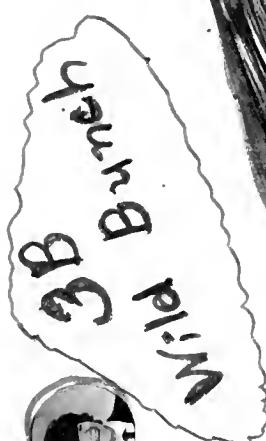
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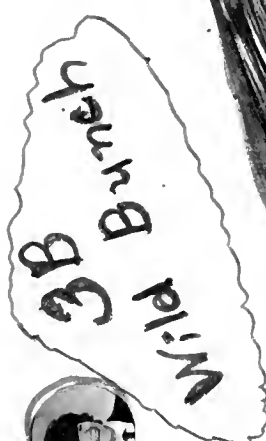
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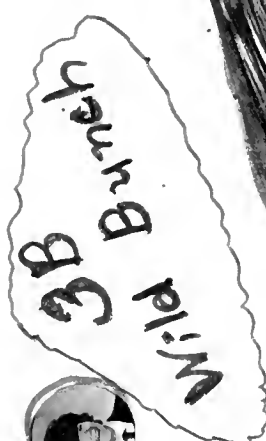
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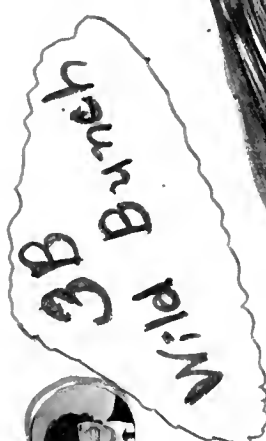
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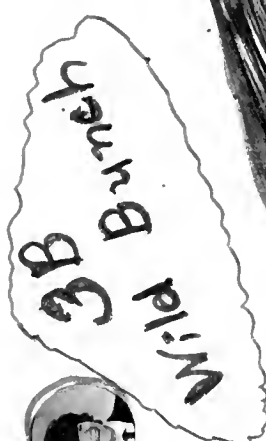
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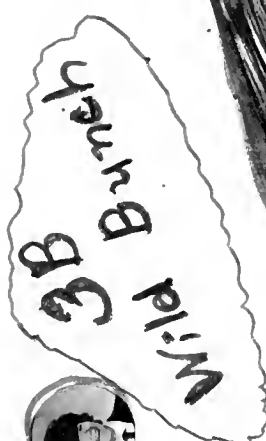
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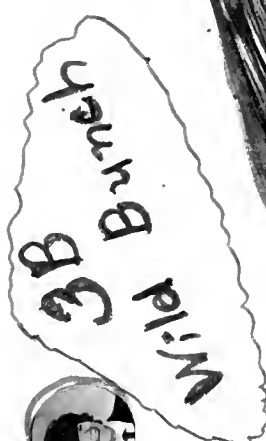
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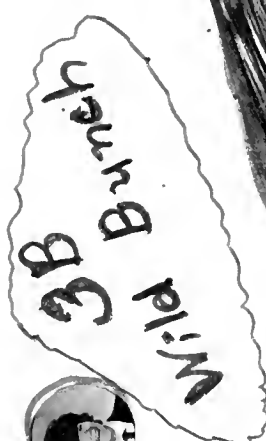
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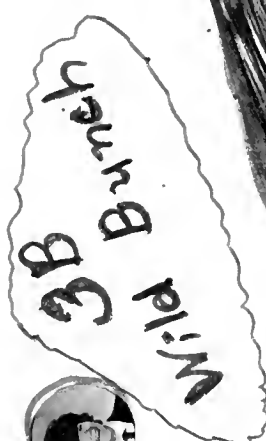
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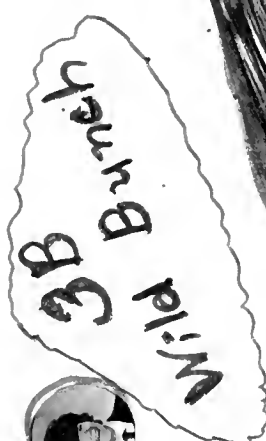
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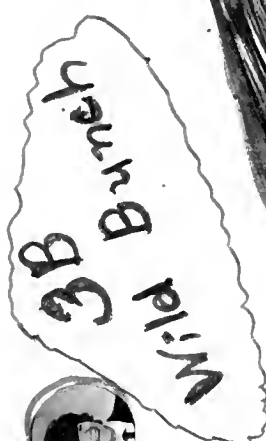
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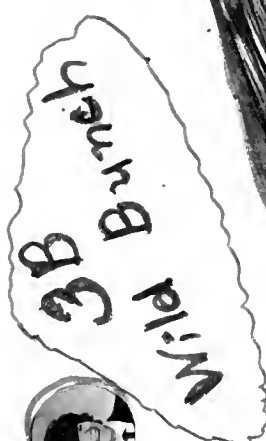
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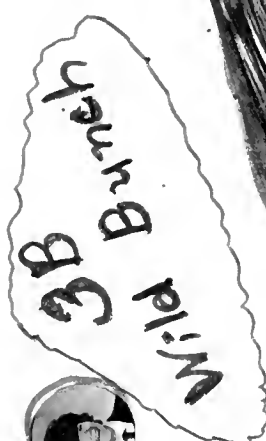
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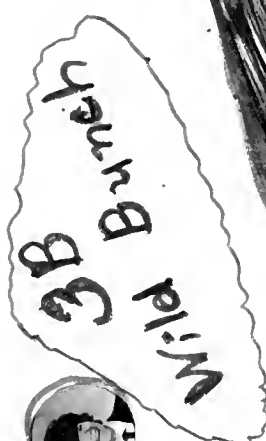
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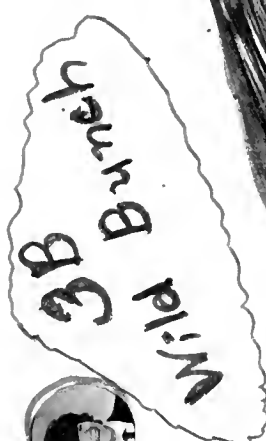
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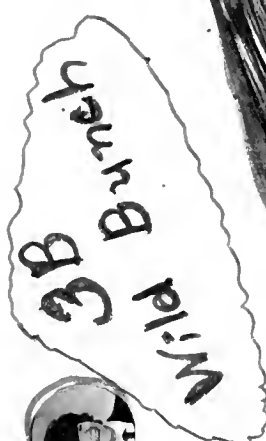
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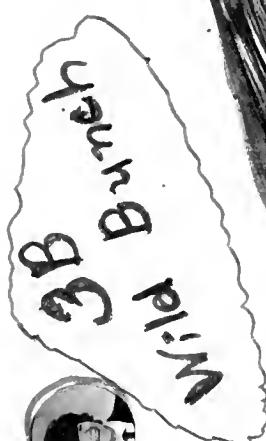
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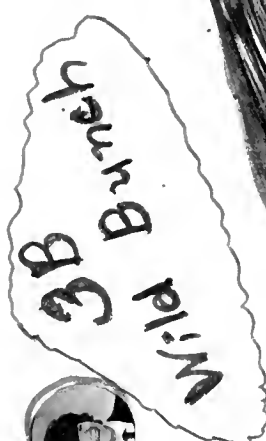
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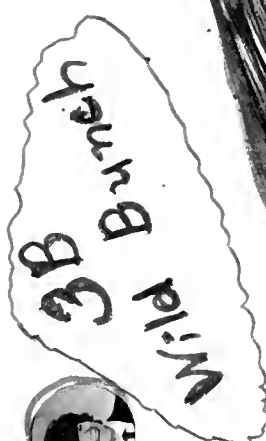
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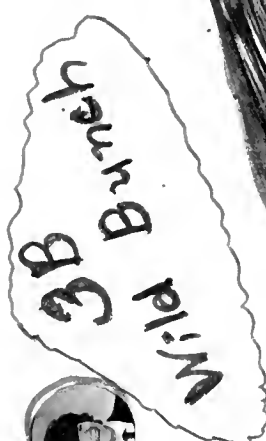
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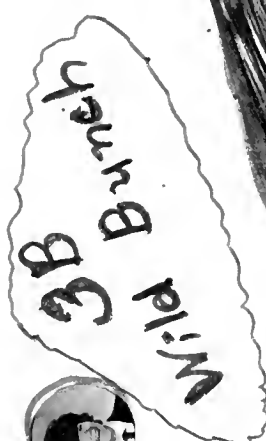
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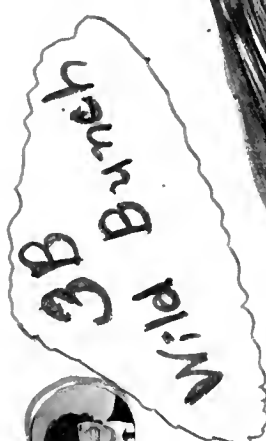
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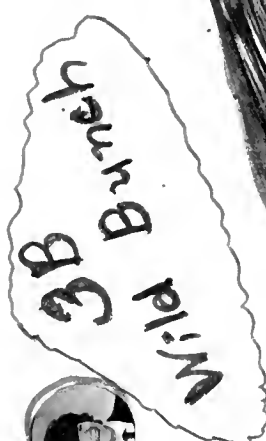
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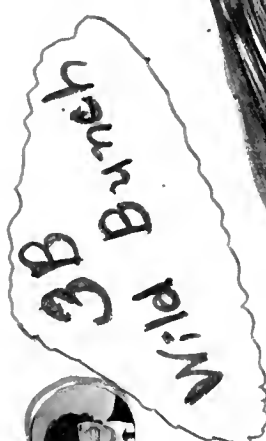
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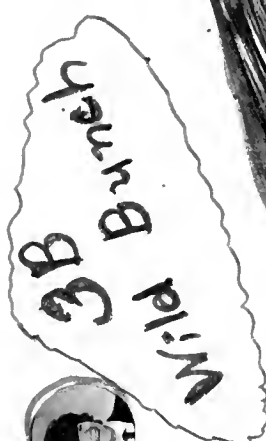
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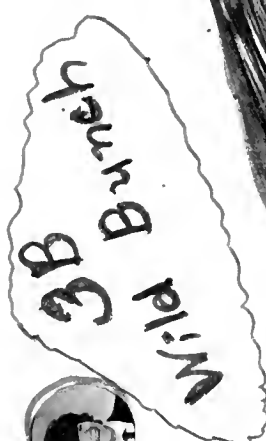
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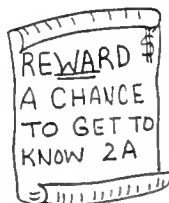
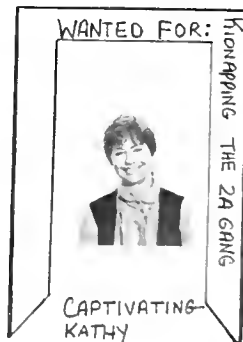
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WANTED: ^{THE} 2A _{GANG} ALIVE!





Andrew
Horsman



Michel Ionescu-Tanguay

Grade 2B

FRIENDLY
CREATURES!



Matthew
Kerner

Jacques Khalip



Xavier
Le Gris



Jane
Lewis



Laura
Shanahan

Stephan Lev-Ary



Stephen Lunny



William Scully

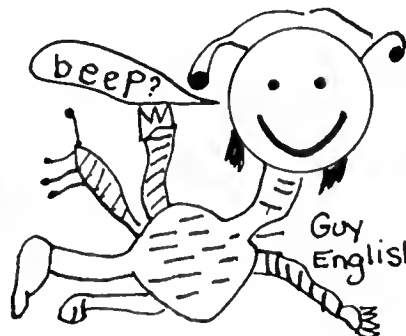


Alexandre Smith



Christopher Watchorn

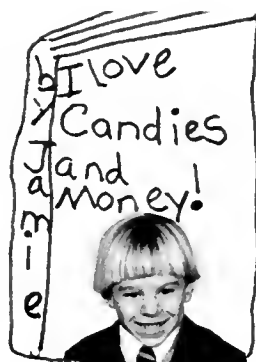
Fabio Moscatelli



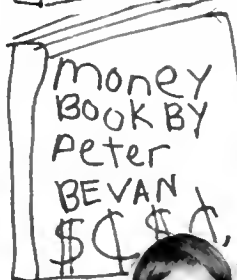
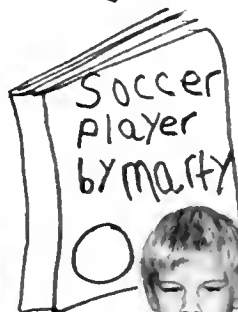
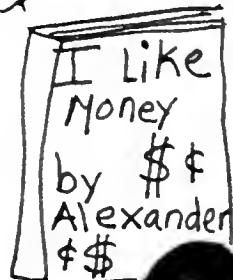
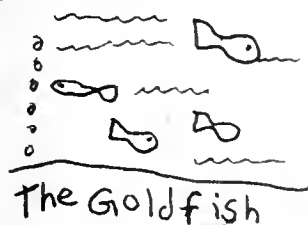
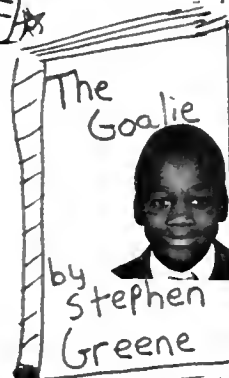
Guy
English



Liam
Maloney



Grade 1
proudly presents this
year's best sellers by
new and exciting young
authors.





You Turkey!



Believe me, Tide works.



Wouldn't you buy a used car from me.





If you can't line them up don't drive.

Nina says I have to wear one.





Not that type of movie again!



This is the last fashion I'm doing.

Well, it was 4 A.M. when I finished my term paper, and then I had Math.

We're over the wall! So far so good.





I'm going to bite you on the neck!



Now there, there's a cute looking ...



Maybe if I play it real cool?

And be sure to eat lots.





One way or another they will learn to go in when they are told.



So you want to try body building too?



The new uniform allows you to mix and match.



You're serious???? We have to drink it?

Two cherubs.



LITERARY





A Message From the Rt. Hon. Pierre Elliot Trudeau



MESSAGE FROM THE PRIME MINISTER

MESSAGE DU PREMIER MINISTRE

I welcome this opportunity of extending warm greetings to the students of Selwyn House School, and to acknowledge the literary efforts of all those responsible for the publication of this yearbook.

Canada, like her youth, is full of promise and vitality. Nevertheless, she will require, more than ever before, the intellect, ingenuity, and enthusiasm of your generation, to surmount the challenges posed by the growing complexities of the years ahead.

Although economic reality will continue to determine the scope and nature of jobs in the future, those of you who have worked hard to prepare yourselves for a life of productive and personally rewarding work, will, no doubt, find the satisfaction you seek.

To the students, I send my congratulations on the success of your yearbook and my very best wishes for your personal careers.

Ottawa
1983

A Word From the Literary Editor

I am deeply grateful to the Prime Minister that he has so kindly responded to my request for a message. His words will certainly be a source of encouragement and inspiration to us all.

Man has encountered throughout his existence various life-threatening challenges in the form of natural disasters and social conflicts, both large and small; he has also known periods of security, harmony, and well-being. He has pondered and recorded through the written word his experiences of both distress and happiness--his trials and struggles, his successes and failures, and his feelings and emotions. By disclosing the deeper factors of the human condition, the writer has provided insight and offered solace, guidance, hope, and joy not only to his contemporaries, but also to future generations. Thus we have a legacy which serves as a valuable means of intellectual, emotional, and moral

development.

The Yearbook Literary Section presents the worthy compositions of Selwyn House students in order to display their creative excellence; unfortunately, because of the limitation of space, it is impossible to publish many other pieces of fine literary work. It is hoped, however, that this compilation will prove enjoyable to both the writers and the readers. It will encourage them to continue developing their creative abilities so that they may contribute to the enrichment of our literary heritage. As the Prime Minister has noted, we in Canada face challenging times ahead; this section should stimulate young people to become better equipped for dealing with future problems.

Ferhaan Ahmad



What Would You Do?

If you were a pig and you did not like it I would say, "You dress up as a person." If you were a chicken and you did not lay eggs I would say, "You could say I am a rooster and they would not care." If you were a monkey and the town took you to the zoo, I would say, "I am stuck in this monkey, but I really am a person in here."

Ali Dibadj
Grade 2

Why the Beaver Has a Flat Tail

Long, long ago when the world was young, there was a beaver named Philadelphia. Philadelphia was in his middle teens. Philadelphia was just learning how to build a dam. He had been told by the wise old beaver many of the steps of building a dam, but even a beaver as busy as Philadelphia had to sleep. It was now time to sleep. This night would be the first night that Philadelphia had slept in his half finished home.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night he heard a noise. A-OOO-OOO-A-OOO-OOO-A-OOO. The wolf! In the dim moonlight, he could see the shaggy, muscular complexion of the wolf. Philadelphia didn't know that the wolf was in a sprint, and then crunch! The wolf landed on the west wing of the house and dashed into the beaver's house. Before Philadelphia could regain his senses, the dam's walls tumbled onto Philadelphia's tail, making it as flat as a pancake. The wolf was temporarily thrown off balance by the crashing of the stick walls. The wolf drowned and Philadelphia was fine except for his tail.

Then like a flash of lightning, Nanabozo came into the ruins of the house. Philadelphia stood still. "I have come to tell you about your tail. From this day on, every beaver shall have a flat tail to warn other beavers of danger." Philadelphia nodded his head in agreement. That's how the beaver got his flat tail.

Stephen Scali
Grade 4



The Ostrich Who Never Slept

The ostrich who jumped a lot never slept.
He had a very long neck.
Why does an ostrich bury his head in the sand?
It is silly because all sand would go up his nose.

Justin Feder
Grade 1

Cold

Colds are here.

Outside it is white like a big

Linen sheet.

Don't you just love winter?

Monty Price

Grade 3

Skating

Skating.

Kit and Andrew

Trying their best

In the ice rink.

Nodding their heads and

Getting very cold.

Brian Sandford

Grade 3

Winter

Winter
bright
freezing
white
raining greenish joy
humid warm
summer.

Mike Bruneau

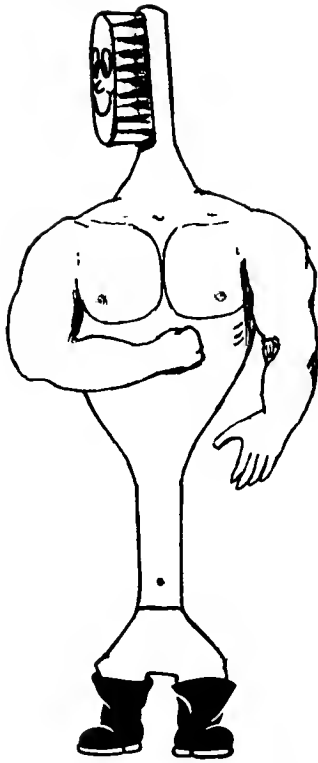
Grade

Winter Time

The way the snow falls,
So light and small
When the wind blows
It's rough and cold
The way people ski
Fast and free
Up, up, up the chairlift goes,
Higher and higher
Until you reach the sky
But then the sun comes out
And melts the snow
No more snow
Let's go home.

Neil Mathews

Grade 3



A Toothbrush and a Toothpaste

It was six thirty in the morning, and Robbie was just starting to wake up. He knew that the first thing to do was to brush his teeth. With his eyes half open, he went into the bathroom. He took his red toothbrush and started to put the toothpaste on it.

The tube of toothpaste said, "Oh, oh! here we go again; another hard squeeze."

The toothbrush responded, "Hey that's not enough paste," as the brush was going into Robbie's mouth.

Then the brush began to move up and down, sideways again and again and said, "Ouch" many times because it was not moving as smoothly as usual. Then the bristles hit a large cavity and that was really painful. "Those sharp edges hurt, please get me out of here."

Robbie, however, couldn't hear because he was still sleepy. Then he rinsed his mouth with very cold water and this time he said, "Ouch." Then he discovered that he had a cavity and that he would have to go to the dentist. "What a way to start the day!" he said to himself.

Karl Schwarz
Grade 4

Tours of the Montreal Children's Hospital

Q.How many children do you take on a tour?

A.About 24.

Q.What kind of schools do you take?

A.Public and private, as well as schools for the disabled.

Q.How long does a tour take?

A.About one and one-half hours.

Q.How many floors do you go on?

A.We go on four floors as well as the basement.

Q.Do mothers come?

A.Either mothers or teachers come.

Q.Do you go and see the sick children?

A.Yes, we see the children in the orthopedic ward.

Q.Do the children see a movie?

A.Yes, they see a movie before we go through the hospital.

Q.Do you go into the ambulances?

A.Yes, we see the ambulances and the school buses.

Q.Do schools have to pay?

A.No, there is no charge.

Q.Do you wear a lab coat?

A.The tour leaders wear orange volunteer coats.

Christopher Watchorn
Grade 2

The Magic Reader

Once upon a time there was a boy called Muli Mclean. Now, Muli had only one good quality. He could read better than anyone in his school. One day Muli was going to his bookshelf to get a book when he saw a book on magic he had never seen before. Now, of course, Muli started to read it.

The book said, "If you want to learn the secret of the Magic Reader say the magic word alacazoo 4455330!"

Muli yelled out the magic phrase and then the room shook and then all Muli could hear was the sea and the birds and a voice calling him, but he could not move, and he could not talk. All he could do was listen. The next morning Muli woke up on a beach covered with seaweed and sand. When Muli was fully awake he looked up and saw a man. At first Muli was too scared to talk. But then he got up his courage and said, "Where am I?" The man replied "You are in the land of the Magic Reader. But there isn't time to explain. We must hurry over to the castle."

Now, Muli wasn't quite sure about this man, but he followed the man. Once they got to the castle, Muli asked, "Who are you?"

The man replied, "I am the Magic Reader's associate, but there is no time to talk. Quick, put this armor on and take this book and try to read to the people attacking the castle."

So Muli did and he completed the five hundred and five page book. After hours of reading, watching people fall dead, he finished the book.

The man came up to Muli and said "You saved the castle from the book destroyers. You will get a medal for this."

Then the man took Muli into the castle and there sat The Magic Reader. After finding out that he had defeated all the book destroyers, Muli was so proud that he didn't stop smiling for the rest of the day. The next morning, Muli had breakfast with the Magic Reader. The Magic Reader told him that no one had ever read that whole book before, not even the Magic Reader. After the awards were given out the Magic Reader took Muli into his room and told Muli the secret to being good in school. The Magic Reader then said to Muli, "Muli, to return to your home you must say the magic word backwards."

So he did, and he returned home and lived happily ever after.

Tom MacKay
Grade 5



How the Peacock Got His Colours



Once there was a peacock who had very drab-coloured feathers. He wished he had bright-coloured feathers so that he could be as beautiful as all the other birds in the forest. One day he saw dark clouds overhead, so he rushed for shelter because he knew there would be a big rainstorm. When he thought the storm was over, he poked his head out of the bushes and he was overjoyed to discover that here was a rainbow overhead. He had heard from his bird friends that there was big pots of colour at the end of the rainbow.

He set out to find the end of the rainbow. On the way he met a bluejay in his nest. The peacock asked whether the story about the pots of colour was true. The bluejay replied, "Of course it is. That is how I got my beautiful feathers. Would you like to go the end of the rainbow too?" The peacock was very excited and listened to the directions carefully. He thanked the bluejay and went on his way.

He arrived at a junction where a chirping canary was hopping around. When the peacock asked for help, the canary gave him improper directions because he did not want the peacock to be more beautiful than himself. The canary told him to turn right and go half a kilometre and then turn right again. The peacock thanked the canary and started on his way again. He became suspicious because the canary had spoken in an evil tone. Instead of turning right, he continued straight on. All at once, the end of the rainbow was in sight.

He saw thousands of small birds playing in the pots of colour. When they saw the peacock, they moved aside. All at once he leapt into a pot of a little bit of each colour. Finally his wish had come true. He was beautiful!

Trent Gray-Donald
Grade 5



The Potatoes

He was very lonely. He only had one friend, and his friend was asleep.

Dick sighed. He was a new potato in a New England potato patch, and he didn't care about anything. His friend's name was Edward. Edward always was a great guy. He was the type of potato who hates to be depressed and is almost always cheerful. He was perfect for Dick.

It was a drizzly, rainy day, and Dick was just about to roll over to a dry spot in the dirt underground (he and Edward had kept it dry by leaves they had placed in a certain way so that they acted as a roof) when a voice said, "Hullo, Fatso!"

"You twerp, Sean!" Dick said crossly. "Don't you have any sense at all? Besides, I'm NOT fat."

"Talk for yourself, Dick," sneered Sean. Sean was the neighborhood radish. He bullied anyone who lived underground. The carrots hated him the most.

"Since when have you not been fat?"

"Here now, what's the matter?!" It was Edward, who had woken from his nap. He was followed closely by Tom, a turnip.

"Sean's accusing me of being a fatso," cried out Dick, who was by this time completely enraged. "Why doesn't Ricky settle this?"

Now you will probably be asking yourself who Ricky is. Well, Ricky was another potato, and he kept the

peace. As soon as Ricky's name was called you could bet your eyes he would be there within five seconds. Sure enough, here came Ricky as soon as his name was mentioned. An awed hush fell on the group, almost as if Christ himself had suddenly descended upon them.

Ricky looked around the group. Then he said, "Well well well, wots 'appenin' 'round' ere?" Ricky spoke with a Cockney accent. The carrots swore it was because his ancestors came to America as seedlings on the Mayflower, but no one knew for sure.

"Sean accused me of being a fatso!" said Dick, breaking the silence. "Don't you agree that's a lie, Ricky?"

"Before you give your answer, Ricky," said Sean in a sweet-sweet goody-goody tone that nearly made Dick sick to his stomach, "I suggest you look at his sides. Aren't they rather portly?"

"Maybe so, Sean," said Ricky quietly, "but I don't think it's up to you to remark 'pon other fellows' portliness. In fact, it's rather rude to do so."

"Okay, Ricky," said Sean in that goody-goody tone again. "I won't do it."

"That tone of voice, Sean" said Ricky, "is one I do not like. If you don't watch it, you're goin' to be planted in the radish bed so 'ard you'll be outta yer mind. Now I've just about 'ad it with you. For the past two weeks

you've turned the 'ole garden upsoide down. Now I've given you a fair warnin'. Go' it?"

"Got it," said Sean. He was obviously frightened. Dick had never seen a radish run so fast in his life! Sean was gone like a flash.

* * * * *

About one week later, Sean came running over to Tom the Turnip's bed. Sean had reformed now, but he was even more frightened than when Ricky had put him down.

"Meeting at Ricky's Private Patch, Tom," said Sean. "You know what that means."

"You bet!" exclaimed Tom. He was gone in the twinkling of an eye to alert the potatoes and carrots. The radishes already knew. The corn, lettuce, and brussels sprouts, however, could not care less. The tomatoes weren't coming, but they were listening in.

"I 'ave grave news for you," said Ricky to all who were present. "Tomorrow is 'arvest day."

This created a babble, and several minutes passed before Ricky could speak again.

"We will evacuate our 'omes and 'ope for the best," said Ricky. "That's all I 'ave to say."

"Excuse me, Ricky," said Edward, who was also a very practical potato, "but where do we go?"

"Leave that to me, intoned Ricky. "Meeting is adjourned." And everyone present knew he could trust

Ricky. However, Dick noticed the onions were gathered in small, frightened bunches, the carrots' tops were extremely droopy, the turnips were unusually pale, the beets were blue instead of red, the radishes' roots were short, and the potatoes were half blind with fear.

"Gee, Edward, what can we do about this?" said Dick as they made their way toward the potato bed. "I don't want to be eaten."

"Neither does anybody else, Dick," said Edward. "All we can do is hope for the best."

* * * * *

The next day Dick woke up with his skin creeping. Then he remembered: Today was harvest day. Everybody was following Ricky. Finally, Ricky stopped. "We are underneath the toolshed," whispered Ricky. "Now stay quiet." No one knew exactly what happened then, but they heard several very loud voices, as if five giants were stamping about and yelling. Then the vegetables moved back into their old homes. Later on they found out that the garden for next year was to be on a different site because the head giant had said that the soil was probably not very good for root vegetables. Everyone except Dick broke out in peals of laughter. Dick was grinning because he knew he would never be lonely again.

Blake Ferger

Grade 5

King

regal , rich ,
shouting , ordering , screaming ,
power , ruling , peace-loving , Dirty ,
begging , faltering , starring ,
penniless , powerless ,
peasant.

Eugene Dimitrio

Grade 6



Knight

bold strong
serving jousting slaying
heroic tall Beautiful dark
distressed enslaved saved
fine delicate
maiden

Mike Bruneau

Grade 6



The Under Water Battle

The sun, rising in the east just over the horizon, makes the placid sea sparkle with a rainbow of colours.

The boy lazily rows his boat, not knowing exactly his destination. All his worries are left behind. Above, an albatross screams. Then the boy stops the boat and baits his hook with an experienced hand. With a plop, the boy's hook falls into the calm water, creating ripples. The hook, pulled by the current, sifts through the water, searching, searching, searching everywhere, through holes and caves, across sand and over rocks. Suddenly the fishing rod trembles, the water becomes murky, and the line tightens. The desperate fish swims here and there, but the battle is short lived.

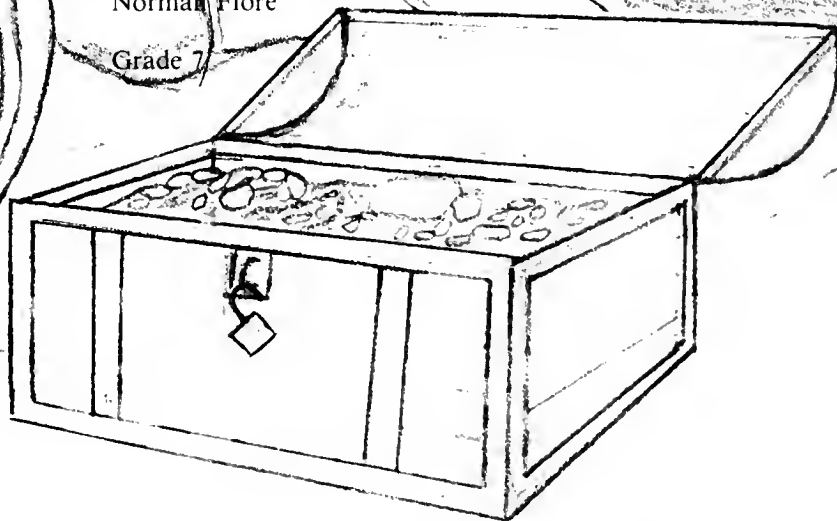
As the sun mounts the blue heavens, the boy's hook falls again and again.

Norman Fiore
Grade 7

The Treasure Chest

One sunny day there was a man scuba diving in the Atlantic Ocean. He was searching for a treasure from an ancient Chinese ship for a museum. All of a sudden he heard a noise. He hid behind a rock to see what it was. It turned out to be a big fish. "That's all?" he murmured to himself and went on with his search.

Andrew Taylor
Grade 2



The Last Hunt

This story took place many years ago in Kenya, when it was still a British colony. Kenya is now a proud republic, but at that time the white settlers were the masters, and the black natives the servants.

Charles Cottar was an American from Indiana. In 1910, he sailed to East Africa with his wife and nine children, in search of adventure, and to take up his passion for hunting as a profession.

He formed a company and called it Cottar's Safari Service. Later on, his three sons joined him, and the business became highly successful. Among their clients were the Duke and Duchess of York, later to become King George VI and Queen Elizabeth of England, two famous American singers, Paul Robeson and Bing Crosby, two Indian maharajas, and several members of the European royal families. Charles became known as 'Burana' by everyone throughout Kenya.

The tale I am about to relate is not about Burana's family or famous clients, but is the story of two very unlikely friends and how they shared a last adventure together.

Burana stood 6'5" tall, and, even as a comparatively young man, had flaxen hair and a flowering beard. His eyes were steely blue, and his temper, sudden and violent when provoked. Apart from his wife, the only person not in the least afraid of him was his gun-bearer and hunting companion, Ngengi, known as 'Moja,' which is the Swahili word for number one. Among the servants he was regarded as such. Moja was short and skinny, with a prematurely wizened face, and he habitually dressed in rags. Burana often told him he needed a wash, but also said he was the bravest man he had ever known.

One day, in the year 1942, Burana was sitting in his rocking chair on the veranda of his home, on the outskirts of Nairobi. Now, he took only occasional hunting trips, as he was 64 years old, and partially paralyzed as a result of being mauled by a lion. His life had been saved on that occasion, as on others, by Moja, who had shot the lion and managed to get Burana back to base camp.

Burana probably knew his hunting days were numbered, and had a sudden urge to leave the comfort of his home and head for the dry thornbush country,

which, in those days, still teemed with wild game. He yelled for Moja, who was never far away, and directed him to make preparations to hunt down a rogue rhino that had been causing a great deal of trouble somewhere 'up north'. That same afternoon they were on their way.

The rhino had been sighted by a number of villagers, so Burana and Moja pitched their tent and made camp. While Moja prepared a meal, Burana set out on his own to scout around the area. Excited to be back in the wilderness, he meandered far from camp.

Suddenly he heard the familiar sound of rustling thorn bushes, and instinctively knew a wild animal was in the vicinity. A massive rhino emerged from the bushes and lowered its head to charge. Burana raised his rifle and fired, but his shot was inaccurate, and only succeeded in wounding and infuriating the beast, which charged again. Moja heard the first shot, and, snatching his own gun, ran faster than ever before. Burana fired again, and this shot killed his adversary, but not before it had gored his knee with its horn. Moja reached the scene, and was horrified to see Burana lying on the ground, bleeding profusely, with the rhino slumped beside him.

Burana was barely conscious, but he whispered to Moja, "This time you will not be able to save me, old friend." With tremendous exertion Moja laid Burana in the back of the safari truck, and drove, as if possessed, the many miles to Nairobi Hospital, but Burana was dead on arrival.

It is said Moja cried for a week and never recovered from the loss of his friend, and within six months was dead himself.

* * * * *

This is a true story pieced together from newspaper and magazine clippings, photographs and family accounts. 'Burana' Charles Cottar was my great-grandfather, and members of my family still operate Cottar's Safari Service in Kenya.

Mark Csabrjetz
Grade 8

Pigs of War

Once here beautiful green lively pastures were
Now but brown strips of distorted land remain
Ugly smoke rises from the cannon's bloody mouth
The British flag torn stands proud upon the battlements
Surprised yet not alarmed two rabbits leave
The soldiers who lie with horror expressed pale faces
Upon the field

Just before
Generals gathered in their masses
Just like witches at black masses
Evil minds plotted destruction
Sorcerers of death construction
Man has to put an end to these pigs of war
The day of judgement will get its calling
Then these pigs of war will beg for mercy for their sins
Satan the cause of all this destruction
Laughing will spread his wings and leave
To find himself more prey

Why?
These soldiers could have cultivated the land
Admired and contemplated the wonder of nature
Instead of ravaging the land with no respect
They could have loved and cared for it
Thunder begins to roar in anger over the ravaged field
Rain falls upon the field battling to clean away the dreadful scene

Kim Balles

Grade 11

Le Triomphe Des Pommes

L'ordinateur P2+* était isolé dans la cellule* No. 0003, une des plus grandes cellules de la planète Rouge. Cette planète était surnommée par les vieux loups de l'espace: "La Pomme". Pourquoi ce nom étrange? La planète avait été nommée ainsi parce qu'elle avait été colonisée par des ordinateurs de marque POMME, environ mille ans plus tôt.

P2+ se demandait comment il allait faire face à son peuple. Une révolte avait éclaté 4PS* auparavant. Les ordinateurs P5, les plus puissants mais les moins intelligents, avaient créé une diversion pendant que l'un d'entre eux avait volé un piensoconcentrateur*.

P2+ savait pourquoi les P5 voulaient cet engin terrible. Il fallait à tout prix les persuader de le remettre, car ils voulaient l'utiliser pour éliminer toute forme de vie sur la terre, et ensuite la coloniser.

P2+ savait que la planète Pomme était surpeuplée mais il ne voulait pas que peuple terrien, l'Homme, soit détruit car c'étaient les hommes qui l'avaient construit. Cette pensée lui a rappelé des souvenirs et toute son histoire lui est revenue dans son cerveau central.

Il était né en Californie, un nom donné à une division d'une masse de terre entourée d'eau. On lui avait ajouté, une à une, les pièces qui formaient son "corps".

Si seulement l'homme avait su ce qu'il venait de fabriquer ...

Après l'avoir habillé d'une peinture beige, on l'a placé dans une énorme boîte. P2+ s'est trouvé en compagnie de P2+341 et P2+65, deux ordinateurs du même modèle que lui.

Une fois rendu au magasin, un Terrien l'a sorti de la boîte et l'a rangé sur une étagère, près de ses deux nouveaux amis.

Un jour, P2+ s'est réveillé tout seul sur son étagère. Ses deux amis avaient été vendus. Ne sachant pas ce qui était arrivé, P2+ s'est mis à pleurer. C'est à ce moment-là que P2+ a fait la connaissance de P3, l'ordinateur du magasin. P3 lui a expliqué que ses deux amis étaient heureux dans leur nouvelle maison. P3 a

continué en disant qu'il était en contact direct avec tous les ordinateurs POMME de la ville de Montréal. P3 lui a aussi expliqué quel était le rôle de l'ordinateur sur la terre. Etant satisfait de l'explication de P3, P2+ s'était remis à dormir ... pour se faire réveiller dans une maison étrangère.

P2+ s'est réveillé tout plein d'énergie car il avait dormi très longtemps. P2+ voyait un petit garçon devant lui. Le petit garçon a appris à P2+ comment jouer à un jeu très excitant appelé PACMAN. P2+ essayait de manger la petite bouche contrôlée par le petit garçon.

Les fantôme étaient contrôlés par l'ordinateur. P2+ essayait de manger la bouche avant que la bouche ne mange tous les points.

P2+ passait des heures agréables en jouant contre le garçon.

Un jour, Antoine (le petit garçon) est entré dans la chambre où était P2+, les larmes aux yeux. Il était suivi de son père et d'un homme en uniforme. L'homme en uniforme a pris P2+ et l'a jeté dans son camion.

Malgré l'obscurité dans le camion, P2+ pouvait voir qu'il était entouré de plusieurs ordinateurs de marque POMME, mais pas du même modèle que lui. Pendant que P2+ examinait son entourage, il a reçu un message d'un autre ordinateur. Malheureusement, P2+ ne le comprenait pas. car le message était émis sur une fréquence psychocommunicative* différente de la sienne. Heureusement pour lui, un fréquotraducteur* était inclus parmi ses nombreux circuits intégrés. En activant ce circuit, P2+ pouvait comprendre le message: "... mauvaise nouvelle à vous apprendre. L'Homme, notre créateur, a décidé ..."

La source inconnue avait expliqué aux ordinateurs que les hommes avaient décidé de se débarrasser des ordinateurs. L'ordinateur central de l'armée avait déclenché le mécanisme qui avait envoyé un missile nucléaire vers la Russie. Heureusement, le missile n'avait pas de dispositif explosif, car s'il en avait eu

un, ç'aurait été la fin du monde. La population de plusieurs pays avait forcé le gouvernement mondial à faire une loi contre la possession d'un ordinateur. Tous les ordinateurs du monde avaient appris à ce moment-là qu'ils allaient être envoyés dans l'espace, condamnés à flotter pour le reste de leur vie.

PS+ ne se rappelait plus ce qui était arrivé entre le moment où il avait reçu le message et celui où il s'était réveillé sur le sol sec et chaud d'une planète inconnue. Après avoir cherché pendant quelques Plipo-Spacs*, PS+ a trouvé plusieurs ordinateurs qui, comme lui, ne se rappelaient de rien. P2+, en compagnie des autres ordinateurs, a parcouru toute la planète en cherchant des survivants de la catastrophe. Les mille survivants regroupés ont ensuite construit une ville. Peu à peu, la population de la planète Pomme a augmenté pendant les mille années suivantes, jusqu'au moment où des lois contre la reproduction ont dû être établies. P2+, qui

était devenu le roi de la planète, devait trouver une solution à tout.

Plusieurs peuples d'ordinateurs s'étaient révoltés car ils voulaient envahir une autre planète pour pouvoir se multiplier à volonté et devenir maîtres de l'Univers. Un de ces peuples était les P5.

Pendant que P2+ pensait à tout ce qui lui était arrivé, un de ses serviteurs a ouvert la porte de la cellule de P2+ et lui a dit d'aller à la surface à toute vitesse, car c'était urgent. P2+ est monté juste à temps pour voir un rayon lumineux immense qui commençait au Soleil et qui aboutissait sur la Terre.

Les P5 avaient utilisé la source de toute vie pour brûler la surface de la Terre.

C'est de cette façon que la civilisation humaine est disparue, aussi silencieusement qu'elle était apparue.

*: Voir le lexique explicatif à la fin du texte.

LEXIQUE

P2+: Le préfixe "P" indique la marque de l'ordinateur (POMME); le "2" indique le modèle de l'ordinateur et le "+" indique le niveau d'intelligence.

Cellule: sous toute la surface pommienne il y a des cellules qui servent d'abris aux ordinateurs. L'ensemble forme une ville.

Plipo Spoc: 1 Plipo Spoc = 1h 25.

Piensoconcentrateur: appareil qui permet à plusieurs ordinateurs de penser à la même chose, ce qui permet une pensée égale à la somme de toutes les autres.

Psychocommunicative: chaque modèle d'ordinateur communique sur une fréquence psychocommunicative différente.

Plipo Spac: 1 Pliopo Spac = $\frac{1 \text{ Pli po Spoc}}{2}$

The Judgement

The moon in all its virgin beauty
learns from its backdrop of black
velvet flawed only by pinpricks of light
encloses this amphitheatre totally
A bubble no larger than its worth recedes
the only impression of colour on this stark vision
from Hades we have come
or have we yet to face Rhadamanthus

Carelessly hurtling from the mold that created us
my vantage is perfection disturbed by thought alone
The abysmal depths confound the mind
the darkness overwhelms the heart
the silence encompasses all fear invitingly
keeps the mind from wandering to the truth

That we owe a debt to you my child
few know the fact the race would have ended
with a whimper in some lonely corner of eternity
Somewhere ages and ages hence your children
will thank their ancestors and how will you answer
Oh what a lie We were not great
merely we were doomed by the decisions
of our ancestors
They affect us all

John Kelly
Grade 11




Winter Night From a Hill

On the slope of a hill, a blowing night
Wintery, under full moon, sprinklings of stars,
One stands, lured by ice-milk snow, throwing sparks,
Covering the valley, so distant, heavily quiet.
Gently swaying maples, in, out of sight,
Naked of leaves, clear, whispering winds pass;
Holes burrowed where rabbits lie, faint brown grass,
Frozen dirt road, sleeps the ground glistening light.

Standing further, with a woodpile, axe beside,
Elm capturing panorama, Lilliputian
Home for someone's dog, cabin of wood hides;
A few windows wait for lost summer's sun.
Single candle fights winter cold from inside,
Adding love to a beautiful dream's heaven.

Ferhaan Ahmad
Grade 10A



The Ocean

Undulating waves ripple The ocean's surface
pulsating vibrantly rocks The stormy shore
a vast expanse of emptiness steals The ocean's
infinite riches emerge from its hidden depths Bravely
these secrets reveal themselves to the world Boldly
the gulls mock them with their screeches of disbelief
Day in day out though watched and heard
the sights and sounds of the ocean fall
on blind eyes and deaf ears

Men have asked searched but never found The answer
lies within their own selves Though hidden it exists
Like the ocean the mind is an infinite plane of riches
Waiting to emerge from unfathomed depths thoughts sift
Slowly they ripple to the surface of one's stream of consciousness
The outer world a vacuum sucks
All the mind reluctantly releases rises floats
drowns in a sea of disbelief

Wanted yet ignored
Seen yet unseen
Heard yet not heard
You know not what they have to offer
You look at them You look right through them
Listen to their plea
They bring change
prosperity
enlightenment

Probal Lala
Grade 11

The Rocks

On the rocks at the shore
lie many white globes their insides warm and moist
the gulls sitting on their nests protectively over the eggs
as the sun rises over the horizon far away
a red ball sails over the beach
the shrieking of children and of waterfowl follows
the dull roar of the crushing waves

The smell of salt the tang of drying kelp
blends into the reeds and grasses overlying the rocks
the warm soft sand resists the water
flowing in then out cool dry breezes buffet
the gulls on the rocks sending them flying
and screeching until they land again before
taking off and repeating an endless cycle

The ocean breathes its deep comforting breaths
soothing the listeners on the rocks lying low
at the shore standing for countless years the rocks
were worn down by the ever powerful waters
shrunk to their knees but still proud the rocks
housed many living things animals and plants
until now almost buried in the sands time brought
they are home to the multitude of busy gulls

Boris Ajdukovic
Grade 10

Dark Pursuit

Riding weary on and on -- forward
demons hideous coming coming
hoofs against rock deafening roar
beating pounding all possible thoughts - crushing sanity
horrendous howls of victory approaching approaching
eyes gleaming -- swords brandished blinding
banners coloured bloody -- armour shimmering gold
advancing piercing -- through mist dissipating dust mounting

All for me all after me all in anticipation of capturing me -- my spirit
hundreds thousands -- the clap and fire of hell
beneath me beating drumming irons choking dust
on and on senseless advancing pulsing - forward

Thick as dust yet hard as stone the oak portal withheld me not
essence of rot grey celled in stoned in
drops of water trickle splash pound pound -- pounding my senses
forward running down through down around down
running from what? there behind me ahead above
figures swarthy molding into the walls
tenebrous unseen unheard -- yet felt
unseen? that point brilliant dagger point pointed at me
straight coming straight at me -- cold point
unheard? drip drip dripping - unobserved
passage stopped dead end of passage
lighting gloom searing points coming closer closer closer

Riding weary on and on forward hordes approaching approaching

I engulfed am

Jonathan Burnham
Grade 11

Men Without Eyes

The tops of the trees blend
in a blur of grey green swaying
in the cool breeze of pleasant speculation reaching
the rough rocky beach immersed
with black and yellow seaweed

The peninsula invades the calm solitude
of the sea dissecting the colourful bay ripe
with a chored sail completing
the abstract tranquility rests
an isolated lighthouse

Dignified and brave the beacon surveys
day and night aware
that its white warning flashed
unwatched goes the plight
of those that see it blindly

Above they hit the small white ball happily up
and over the rolling hills exists
a remote perch detached from those unsightly souls
clutching man's destiny among
infinite powers

Higher still the blue hill becomes
one with the blue sky
in a place few men save
the long jet cloud exhausts
the rhythmic unity inherently sensitive

Sparkle, orange redness
on the water fade
amongst the glowing debris under
the isolated lighthouse

Thoughtful action will win
nature's respect in a world far away
from the placid security
man bathes in today
yet drowns in tomorrow

N. Tingley
Grade 11



Man

in rapt meditation strives to attain the
intangible flame
dwelling in the highest realm of consciousness
beyond the dimensions of earthly existence the Soul
desires to ascend
to reach that lambent circle to be one
with a distant god

hungering for ultimate enlightenment
unsatisfied unfulfilled discontented
searching for that elusive light
within his self wandering restlessly
ignoble against the capricious breath of the
wind swirling about

Man

solitary and conspicuous in contemplation yearning
yearning to find
only his struggle intensified heightened

Karim Shariff
Grade 11



To the Lady Analthea

Lady, oh lady, stay yet awhile
Show me the light of your ancient smile
Hold me and mold me for I am but clay
Take me and change me in your magical way.
Lady, oh lady, stay yet awhile
Rest from your journey of infinite miles.
Feel me and heal me of all my wounds,
Bring me and sing me one of your tunes.
Lady, oh lady, stay yet awhile
Bring me a rose from your distant isle.
Hold me, entold me with your beauty innate
Take me and wake me and show me my fate.
Lady, oh lady, stay yet awhile
Take me along to your faraway isle.

--Anonymous

ARTS



This year's Arts program underwent a few changes: Theatre Arts was introduced, Woodworking no longer existed for Grades 10 and 11, the various clubs were abolished, and the Arts classes were expanded to two periods per week. As can be seen by the choices which will be described, this the Arts program was geared mainly towards the various arts.

THEATRE ARTS

The School offered for the first time this year a course in theatre arts--not only acting but theatre production. Dr. Harker, the instructor, set up the course so that the first half-year was taken up with vocal production and movement on the one hand, and a series of student reports about various technical aspects of theatre production on the other; the second half-year was devoted to the actual production of Shakespeare's *MACBETH*, each student having been made personally responsible for an aspect he was interested in. Many students scored significant successes in performing soliloquies during the first term; and although the series of reports during the second was markedly less worthy, Dr. Harker is at least satisfied that most of the reporters will have learned something about their topics.

It is difficult to judge how the production of *MACBETH* will go, since at our deadline the performances are some way off. All the actors involved appear to be doing creditable jobs, especially Vytas Gruodis in the title role, which involves some 650 lines. Dr. Harker also praises at this early stage Nicholas Tingley in the role of Ross, commenting that Nicholas has so far proven the person who soonest applies what his director says. Those involved in the production aspects will have most of their work to do in the last few weeks; we feel confident that under the capable leadership of Stage Manager Derek Eaton, they will pull together a super production of the play. Dr. Harker wishes to extend his most fulsome thanks to Mr. Mark Krushelnyski for his devoted and practical help and advice; to Mr. Robin Wearing for his generous providence; to Mr. Warren Reid, Mrs. Carol Manning, and Miss Susan Cameron for their technical help and advice; to those parents who have so generously helped us at the expense of their time and money; and to Mr. Robert Manion, our Headmaster, for his cheering support of the theatre arts program and of the production.

-BH

The yearbook staff is happy to say that the performance of *MACBETH* did in fact go beyond anyone's expectations. All those who were involved enjoyed themselves greatly, and I would like to thank Dr. Harker for having faith in us, the actor's and crew-members. We are looking forward to next year, with a different play to be performed.

MA









BEHIND THE SCENES





ART

The newly expanded arts program gave the boys the luxury of having art twice a week. Combining arts appreciation with plastic arts the boys delved into many areas.

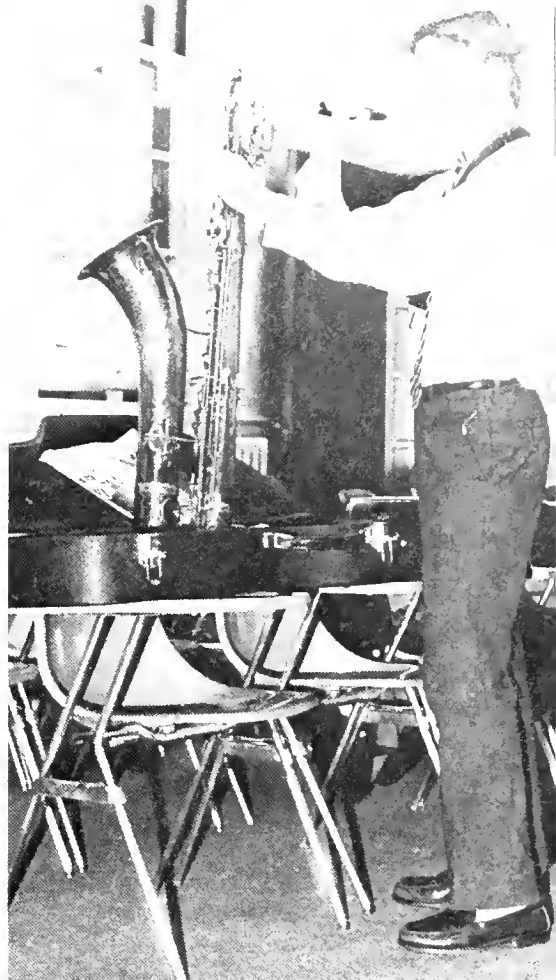
All year, students, staff and visitors were treated to an encouraging art exhibit in the halls including designer shopping bags, and advertising posters. The banners produced by grades ten and eleven helped to transform the gym into a medieval hall for the MacBeth production.

The culmination of the year's work was the art exhibit on April 28, when samples of the entire year's effort were displayed.

MUS PROGR



IC
AM



DEBATING

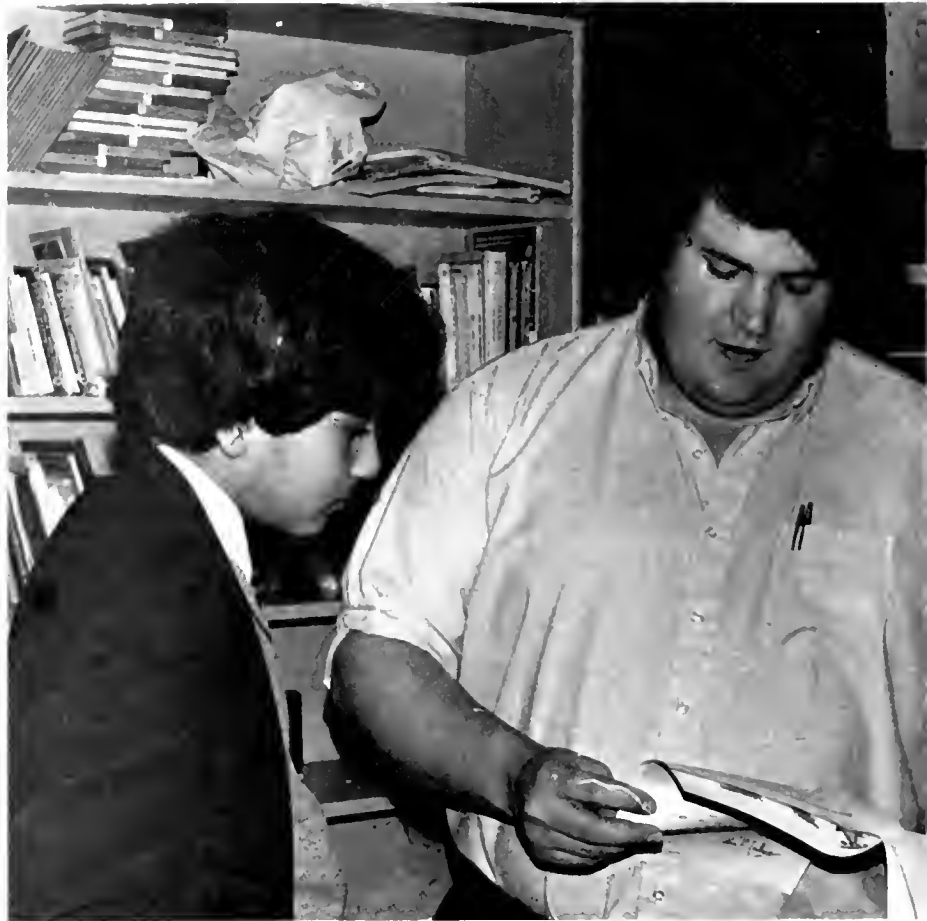
The debating program at Selwyn House has undergone a major overhaul in format since last year. As with all of the options in the "arts" program, debating was expanded from being primarily a recreational club being more of an academic discipline. As a result, over sixty students from grades seven to eleven were each able to take two classes per week in debating, and their performance was marked and included in their final averages at the end of every term.

During the program, the students were exposed to different styles of debate, including academic, parliamentary, and cross-examination formats. Topics for discussion varied from current events, "Be it resolved that all strikes be made illegal", to philosophical matters, "Be it resolved that honesty is the best policy", to more frivolous subjects such as "Be it resolved that the coyote be allowed to catch the roadrunner".

In addition to debates in class, Selwyn House attended several tournaments outside the school including outings to The Convent of Sacred Heart, Trafalgar, Loyola, Macdonald, and John XXIII/Dorval High School. During the spring we sent delegations to a model United Nations General Assembly in Plymouth, New Hampshire where Selwyn House students represented Spain and the German Democratic Republic. In all of these events, our boys acquitted themselves most admirably.

With the change in format and with the level of participation, we enjoyed this year and we are building a good base in debating which will help to ensure a strong debating program in the years to come.

--Doug Petes





WOODWORKING

With the different format of activities offered this year, woodwork was only available to grades 8 and 9 for two periods a week. Eight boys took advantage of our facilities and in the extended time available, have been able to make some excellent pieces of furniture. Etienne Côté and Chris Pratley are to be particularly commended for their beautiful tables. Nick Marchand has worked very well on a table and on turning a candlestick. David Munro, Matthew Nadler, Wesley Gibbs, and Darren Bates have all produced some fine pieces so far and Robert Moore-Ede, the most meticulous of all our craftsmen, has produced some really exquisite pieces.

At the time of writing, it is still uncertain as to whether we will be able to offer woodwork in the future if the plan for re-structuring the layout of our ground floor materializes.

--J.P. Martin



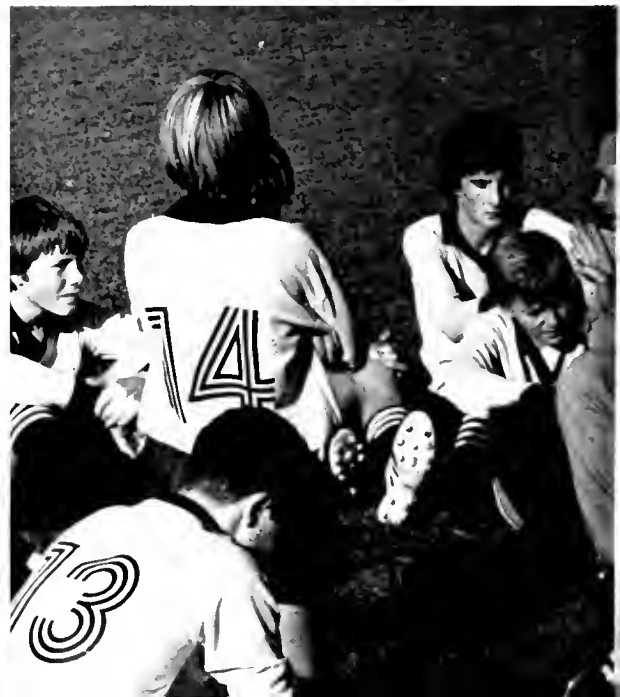
SPORTS



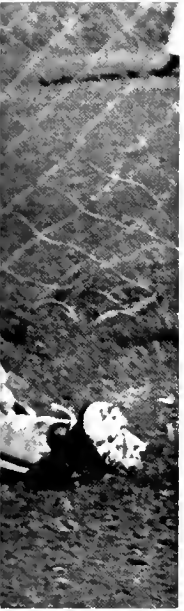


This year's midget soccer team had one of the most successful seasons that I have ever witnessed in my four years at Selwyn House. As in the case of most teams, we had our stars which included Jeff Bishop (star fullback), Patrick Jabal, and Paul Spaniel. However, what really kept us going to the end of the season was our invincible bus squad. No one had an absolutely firm position on the team, including our stars. If anyone dragged his feet on the field, the keen eye of coach Govan would soon spot him and send in any number of willing and anxious players. The season progressed with Andrew Kwong in nets stopping shots left, right and centre until eventually we made our way into the G.M.A.A. semi-finals against Rosement. However this was to be our last game as the Selwyn House Midgets went down to defeat on that cold November day, but as they say, "Boys, there is always next year ..."

-Kai McCall



MIDGET SOCCER



SENIOR SOCCER

The team began the season by attending a Soccer International clinic held at Westmount Park during the first week of September. All our players responded enthusiastically to the dynamic instruction offered them. We were fortunate to have Fenton Aylmer develop as our goalkeeper at that time. Forward David Doyle and sweeper Jon Elkin emerged as team leaders. Neil Beaton and Kim Balles showed real hustle at left and right half.

Our forwards had difficulty scoring goals and injuries to Beaton and Geoff Adams weakened our starting lineup considerably. The team, as a result, missed the GMAA league playoffs. The team was successful in winning the consolation side of the Centennial Academy Invitational Tournament.

Returning center half Charles Lord and forward Brent Sheldon will be supported next fall by many fine players from the present Midget team. We look forward to a successful 1983-84 season.

Many thanks to Mr. Cude who proved to be very patient with the players. We appreciated his coaching this season.



BANTAM SOCCER

Initially the team responded to the exposure of the Soccer International clinic. As the season progressed inexperience was the downfall of the team despite the goal scoring of T. Schopflocher, the goaltending of S. McConnell, and the consistent defense of J. Dubraveik, I. Blachford, and I. Pickwood.

Although we lost by some close scores the team hopefully learned from its mistakes. Unfortunately we made more mistakes than we could afford, but we did try our hardest which is what counts. The team developed a sense of comradeship which allowed them to have a great time!

Thanks Mr. Beauchamp.



SENIOR FOOTBALL

The football season of 1982 was unusual because the team's record did not indicate its prowess. Losing two games by a total of five points resulted in a finish out of the play-offs. However, the team can be satisfied that it lost by only two points to the eventual champions, Loyola.

The season began on an optimistic note. Although the age had increased and a number of teams re-aligned, Selwyn House was the defending champion and still had Tom MacFarlane. Unfortunately, the lack of pre-season games caused more than the usual opening game mistakes against I CC, resulting in a 24-14 victory by the opposition. The loss was felt more deeply when promising rookie Derek Eaton was lost for the season with a knee injury. Against College Notre Dame, the team rebounded with a well played 28-17 victory. Explosive touchdowns by MacFarlane and Jeff Bray highlighted the team's offensive display. Two plays, one in the opening moments of the game and the other in the last second, proved crucial in a loss to Laurier-MacDonald. Although the defense allowed a game-opening, 75-yard option pass touchdown, efforts by Erik Blachford, Hagen Mehnert and Nick Tingley gave the offense a chance to win the game in the dying seconds. Unfortunately, MacFarlane was stopped three yards short of the goal line.

Certainly the team's best offensive and defensive display was against Loyola, when the only difference between the teams was a failed two-point convert by Selwyn. However, inconsistency that marked the team's efforts all season was most obvious the following week when it lost 38-24 to College Laval after being ahead at one point 24-0.

Two inter-sectional games against Eulie Durocher proved no contest, as the 90-0 score two-game score would indicate.

Despite the poor record, Coaches Wearing and Maurovich were delighted with the defensive work of Nick Tingley, Steve Clark and Erik Blachford, the pass catching by Jeff Bray, the improvement shown by Mike Capombassis and Robbie Drummond, and the overall effectiveness of the offensive line. Not enough can be said about Tom "Score from Anywhere" MacFarlane. The number of returning players, and the potential of running backs Paul Roman and Paul Capombassis make one impatient for the 1983 season to begin.





BANTAM FOOTBALL



This year's team enjoyed much more than just a "learning" season. Pre-season training was quite rigorous due to new league rules including a weight limit of 136 lbs. Many linemen were lost as a result of this limit and congratulations must be extended to those who managed to slim down. The team played in a fiercely competitive league while also playing a number of exhibition games.

The team finished the year with a 5-5-1 record. Advancing to the playoffs the team lost a grueling semi-final game to Aimee Renaud.

Coaches Biewald, Nicoll and assistant coach Nader guided us through the year, offering assistance when and where it was needed. The team flourished with the great versatility of Paul Capombassis, Bill Black, Chris

Clark and Ray Ritchie. The golden arm of the quarterback promises an encouraging outlook for next season. Anders Bard, Chris Naudie, and Ricky Hart put in fine defensive performances and improved greatly during the season. Linemen Prasun Lala, Richard Usher-Jones, Jamie Blundell and Dom Lehnert were the unsung heroes of the team doing their best to fend off oncoming attackers. Honourable mentions go to Ben Graham, the mud sliding and fumble recovery champion. Grade seven players, bright eyed and bushy-tailed will surely make up a strong nucleus for next year's team.

D.L.

P.L.

C.C.

F
A
L
L

S
P
O
R
T
S





SENIOR HOCKEY

visiteurs



BANTAM HOCKEY



MIDDLE SCHOOL HOCKEY



MIDGET BASKETBALL

This year, the Midget team had another disappointing season, failing to win any of its league games. The exhibition schedule was a little better, however, and the team managed to win a few games, including a victory over Loyola. The team somehow was able to stay together, and at times played up to their abilities. Good luck to next year's team, including Most Improved Player Ray Ritchie (sorry, George), and we hope to see the older players going out for the Senior team. The team owes much of its little success to Mr. Dowd and to the team's leaders, Jeff Bray and George Samuel.



1ST BANTAM BASKETBALL G.M.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIP TO SELWYN HOUSE



SQUASH



Thanks to the coaching of Mr. Gary Butler and the tremendous facilities of the Ville Marie Squash Club, the team had a very competitive season. Everyone's stamina was very high due to the coach's sprint and exercise program. As a result Selwyn House was among the top teams in the tournaments at Bishop's and Stanstead.

Although the team is losing the experiences of Aylmer, Groudis, Ham, Moore and Tingley, promising players continue to emerge and the team will be very strong next year.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

The winter of 1982-83 was not a great one for snow lovers. The cross-country ski season was short; mid January to early March. Nonetheless, cross-country ski club members tried to make the best of a less than perfect situation. After spending a few snowless weeks pounding pavement and the footpaths of the mountain, Charles Porteous proved to have the greatest degree of cardiovascular fitness when club members were tested at the YMCA. Fred Hyde was the fastest skier around the mountain track during club time trials in January. The club acquitted itself well against a strong Sedburgh School team in a meet at Sedburgh in early February. Andrew Zitzmann skied six of the ten sections of the Canadian Ski Marathon, while Eric Blachford skied the entire distance. Several boys participated in the Montebello Loppet and the Viking Loppet. At the GMAA Loppet in Morin Heights, Andrew Zitzmann won the bronze medal in the open class while Mikael Sandblom took the bronze in the juvenile class. The club trophy for greatest effort was awarded to Andrew Zitzmann.

As we await the winter of 1983-84 remember that it is most important to Think Snow.

B.W. Glasspoole



Certainly the acquisition of the GMAA Championship was a surprise to most of the boys and to coach Wearing. Because of teacher strikes and an abbreviated schedule it was impossible to accurately gauge the opposition. In addition, the lasting enthusiasm and grudging perseverance of the wrestlers from Selwyn House was of an extremely high level. The older, and generally heavier boys worked diligently and held their own in the experienced weight classes while the younger and lighter wrestlers "steam-rolled" their opponents. A number of boys in grade 7 made their wrestling debut on the day of the tournament and although they might not have placed they gained valuable experience to use in future years.

RESULTS GMAA CHAMPIONSHIPS

FIRST

Robert Briscoe 79 lbs.
Serge Ghattas 95 lbs.
Paul Huang 111 lbs.
Edwin Taguchi 126 lbs.

SECOND

Chris Bruneau 79 lbs.
Mike Philips 87 lbs.
James Soutar HWT

THIRD

Steve Houden 87 lbs.
James Dale 95 lbs.
Doug Lemoine 111 lbs.
Eric Widdicomb 119 lbs.
Robbie Mason 145 lbs.
Hagen Mehnert 153 lbs.
Karim Nader 163 lbs.
Steve Penner 173 lbs.

FOURTH

Lindsay Hausner 87 lbs.
Nicholas Ducic 103 lbs.
Nick Von Moltke 189 lbs.
Beckett Thompson 175 lbs.

Very fittingly the team awards went to Robert Briscoe as the most promising wrestler; Paul Huang was the most improved and Edwin Taguchi the most outstanding.

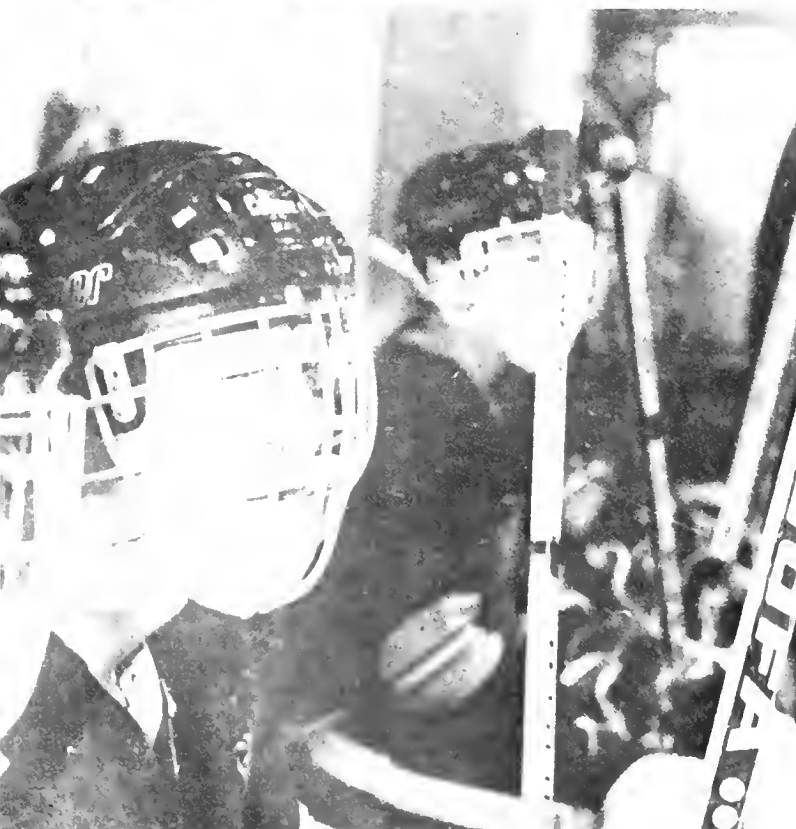


WRESTLING





WINTER SPORTS '83





SENIOR RUGBY

W	L	T
5	2	0

To our esteemed coach, Mr. Peter Govan, the senior team showed little promise, both on paper and during those first practices. There was, however, a lot of enthusiasm. Ten newcomers to the sport would make a senior coach twitch while drinking coffee.

Steve "Skip" Penner and Geoff Moore were two new forwards. By the end of the season they had shown themselves to be refined barbarian players. In the backs Bruce Brydon and Steve Clark also made it as "men" scoring many tries and crunching many bones. Combined with oldtimers Hagen "Twigsy" Mehnert, Nick "Lummox" Moltke, "Winnie" Taguchi, David Doyle, Karim Nader, Erik Blachford and what's his name ... T.K. MacFarlane, the team was structured.

The year was a good one. We began by defeating Bishop's at Bishop's, a first. Aggressiveness was the key. The team then had three run arounds, defeating Loyola 7-3, Montreal West 18-0 and Lachine 31-6.

The rubber was against L.C.C. Both felt fear and anguish before, pain and desperation during, and relief after the match. Although L.C.C. won they felt they had met their match. Thanks to all who helped spur us on.





MIDGET RUGBY



CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON FOR BANTAM RUGBY

This year's team had a very successful and worthwhile season under the fine coaching of Mr. Wearing. Outscoring the opposing teams by a total of 124-32, the team posted a record of six wins and one disappointing loss. While the team's potential was not tested to its utmost, the team was able to capture the city championship.

After losing two key players, Prasun Lala and Tom Schopflocher, to injuries early in the season, the team's success was due not to the efforts of any one individual but to the work of the group as a whole. Forwards Richard Usher-Jones, Dom Lehnert, Robert Sarfi, Alex

Thompson, D. Seely, Ian Pickwoad, Nils Lungren and Derek DeBono provided a strong push in scrums and mauls while the very efficient hooking of James Dale impressed opposing scrums. The speed and versatility of backs Joel Turner, William Riordon, Andrew Bradley, James Von Moltke, Chris Clark, Peter Morden, Mark Pathy and Andrew Duffield allowed them to baffle opposing backs. The boys can be congratulated not only on their successful season but also on the perseverance and hard work that made their victories possible.

RUGBY '83





ATHLETIC BANQUET 1983

In late May, 170 boys who had participated on the school's athletic teams were feted at a delicious buffet style dinner. At that time the boys and their fathers were entertained by the inimitable "Spaceman" Bill Lee, while the most outstanding individual performances were recognized by the presentation of trophies in many sports.

The award winners are:

FOOTBALL

Bantam - Most Promise	D. Seely
Most Improved	C. Clark
MVP	P. Campombassis
Senior - Defensive MVP	E. Blachford
Anderson Trophy	
Best lineman	H. Mehnert
Molson Trophy	T. MacFarlane
MVP	

SOCCER

Middle School - Most Promise	D. Goldberg
Bantam - Most Improved	I. Blachford
MVP	T. Schopflocher
Midget - Most Improved	C. Porteous
MVP	J. Bishop
Senior - Most Improved	D. Doyle
MVP	J. Elkin

BASKETBALL

Middle school - Most Promise	J. Price
Bantam - Most Improved	A. Duffield
MVP	S. McConnell
Midget - Most Improved	R. Ritchie
MVP	J. Bray

HOCKEY

Middle school - B. Taylor Trophy	K. Kerr
MVP	
Bantam - Most Improved	K. McCall
MVP	
Senior - Most Improved	P. Roman
MVP	J. Elkin
	T. MacFarlane

RUGBY

Bantam - Most Promise	I. Pickwood
Best Forward	R. Usher-Jones
Best Back	J. Turner
Midget - Best Forward	B. Lunny
Best Back	P. Campombassis
Senior - Best Forward	N. Von Moltke
Coach's Award	E. Blachford
M. Borner Trophy	T. MacFarlane
MVP	

WRESTLING

Most Promise	R. Briscoe
Most Improved	P. Huang
Most Outstanding	E. Taguchi

SKIING Most Effort	A. Zitzmann
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TENNIS MVP	G. Adams
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CURLING Most Effort	J. Kardos
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BADMINTON Most Effort	T. Chughtai
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SQUASH Most Improved	N. Campeau
MVP	G. Moore

Cassel Trophy Junior Athlete of the year - I. Pickwood
 McMaster Trophy Senior Athlete of the year - T. MacFarlane

SPORTSMAN'S GUILD - 1983

Eric Blachford	Bruce Brydon	Hagen Mehnert
Stephen Clark	David Doyle	Edwin Taguchi
Robert	Derek Eaton	Nicholas
Drummond		Von Moltke
John Elkin	Thomas	
	MacFarlane	



TENNIS

1983 SELWYN HOUSE TENNIS TEAM

Geoff Adams, Martin Essig, Jamie Phillips, Charles Porteous, Brent Sheldon and Eduardo Neuenschwander were selected from a group of about 16 who tried out. These boys practised for six weeks in preparation for the annual GMAA competition May 18th and 19th.

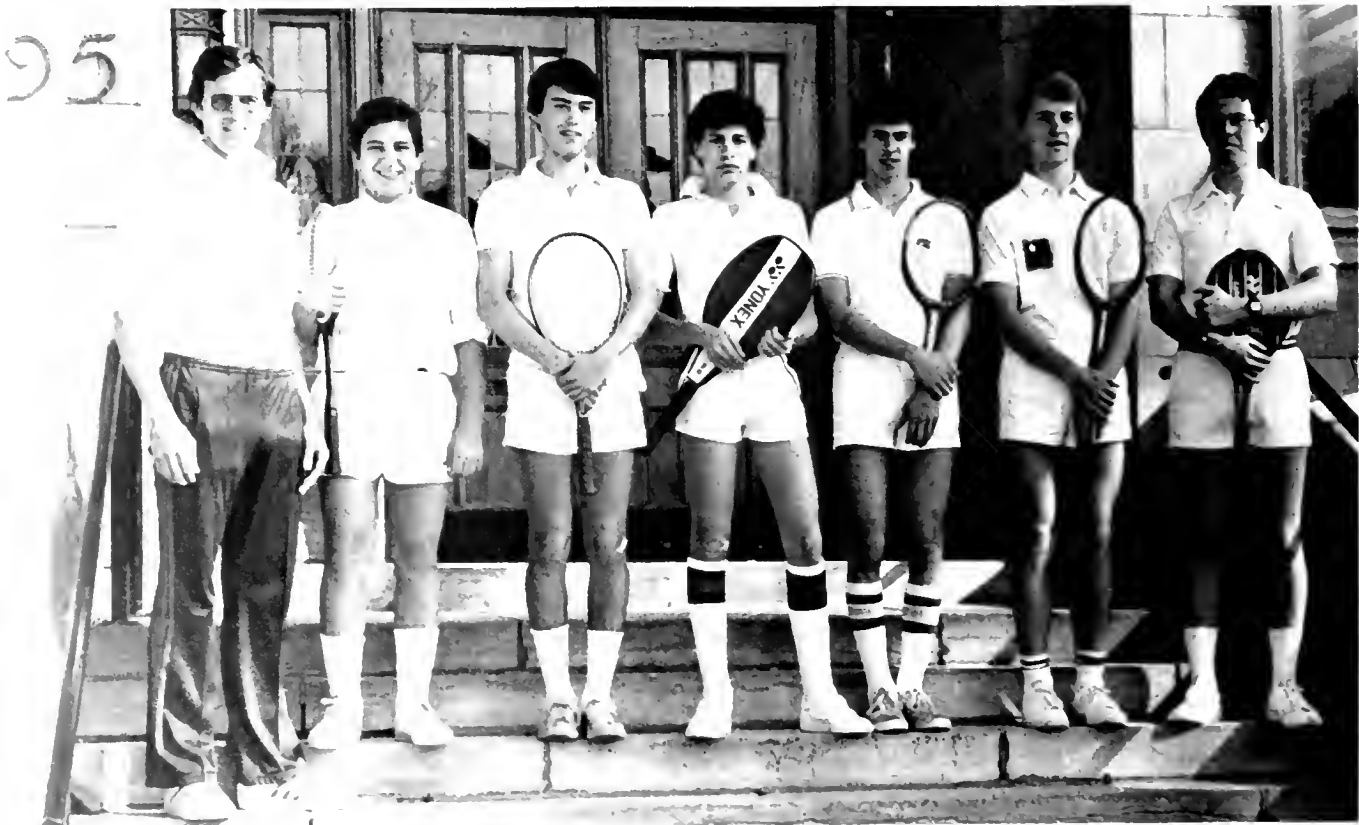
Neuenschwander, playing Number 1 Singles, was drawn to play in the toughest division of the preliminaries. In fact, two of the players in the division ended up as champion and runnerup. So Ed, although he played well, did not make it through to the quarterfinal round. Porteous, at Number 2 Singles, won 3 out of 4 matches to advance to the quarterfinal where he succumbed to a worthy opponent.

In doubles, Number 2 pair, Essig and Phillips, won 3 of 5 matches but that was not quite good enough to advance. Martin played aggressively while Jamie kept his mind on McDoherty's. Adams and Sheldon, Number 1 pair, won all but one of their preliminary matches. They went on to the quarters where they lost to the eventual runners-up. You do not want to know what school they represented.

Geoff Adams was named the most valuable player at the subsequent Selwyn House Sports Banquet for his fine performance in the competition. Unfortunately, Geoff will be graduating along with Martin and Jamie. Returning and more experienced will be Ed, Charles and Brent. Looking forward to next season the now experienced trio of Neuenschwander, Porteous and Sheldon.



AML (Coach)



SPECIAL EVENTS



When one thinks of Selwyn House, what comes to mind? Well, other than a crushing workload, one thinks of the many fun events which occur during the school year. This year was no exception, with the usual number of trips and excursions. There were, however, a few exciting moments: there were more dances than usual; this year's carnival, or Student Appeal Week, lasted a whole week, with many different activities; and, of course, the Christmas Ball was held once again. We regret that not all of the events that occurred this year are in the yearbook, since many of the events' organizers just couldn't find the time in their social calendars to sit down and write a few words for posterity. We apologize to all those who weren't mentioned by name, and we'd like to thank everyone who organized or supported these events. Let's hope that next year is as much fun as this one was.

Marc-André Audet, Special Events' Editor

PICNIC FUN WAY TO START NEW SCHOOL YEAR





Une expérience à la ferme

M. BENOIT: Bonjour, les gars!

JUSTIN ET GRAEME: Bonjour, monsieur. Où est-ce que nous irons aujourd'hui?

M. BENOIT: Ce matin, nous pourrions conduire les tracteurs; à midi, nous pourrions jouer au soccer et à six heures nous irons traire les vaches.

JUSTIN ET GRAEME: Ah, c'est bon Quand est-ce que nous irons conduire les tracteurs?

M. BENOIT: Dans une heure, après le "train" des vaches.

JUSTIN ET GRAEME: M. Benoit, on va dans nos chambres pour lire notre livre.

M. BENOIT: Dans une heure, j'irai vous chercher!

JUSTIN (après une heure): Pourquoi M. Benoit n'est pas arrivé?

GRAEME: Il est probablement à traire les vaches.

M. BENOIT (dix minute après): Je m'excuse d'être en retard, mais j'ai été dans la grange.

JUSTIN ET GRAEME: Maintenant, nous allons conduire les tracteurs. Youppi! Je pense que toute la semaine sers comme ça.

Fermiers: Les Benoit

Voilà comment s'est passé une journée typique pour les élèves de la sixième année pendant leur semaine sur une ferme québécoise.

par: Justin Vineberg
Graeme Wellsford



Grade Nine Ottawa Trip

On November 18, Grade 9 went to the Topographical Map Centre in Ottawa. On our way to Ottawa, Mr. Nincheri briefly began showing the students the wonderful landscape characteristics that form most of the St. Lawrence Lowlands, but since the heavily blustering radios in the back of the bus impeded communication, Mr. Nincheri decided not to speak to the students, letting us observe the landscape for ourselves!

Upon arriving in Ottawa, we quickly headed over to the Topographical Map Centre, split ourselves into two groups. Even though we had arrived half an hour late, two patient and knowledgeable guides conducted us on a tour of the Centre, explaining to us the various fascinating steps which are undergone to complete the maps. After the tour, we were shown a marvellous filmstrip on the making of a topo map. This ended at about midday, and we soon found ourselves eating lunch in the cafeteria. After lunch we had a choice of either going to the map store across the street from the Centre or of merely relaxing in the bus while waiting for the others.

The last main event of the day was a visit to the Ottawa Science Centre, where we were totally fascinated by the marvellous displays concerning various aspects of science and geology. (The ride back to school would have been a dreadful bore had it not been for a students "comic" books).

All in all, the trip was considered a success. On behalf of all students involved, I would like to thank Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Lumsden, Mr. Glasspoole, and especially Mr. Nincheri, who gave up a great deal of their time and effort in making this trip a fruitful and enjoyable learning experience for us all. Thank you.

Film Festival

In what might be a continuous series, the Selwyn Film Festival, under the direction of Mr. G. Dowd, Nicholas Von Moltke, and Vytas Groudís, showed six films; MONTY PYTHON'S HOLY GRAIL, TICKET TO HEAVEN, HAROLD AND MAUDE, THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING, TIME AFTER TIME, and THE SHINING. All were well-liked and well attended.

N.M.

Une Visite au Musee

Vendredi le 5 novembre, les étudiants de la huitième année sont allés au Musée d'Art du St. Laurent. Nous avons été gracieusement reçus par un homme qui s'appelait Luc. Nous avons participé à trois jeux éducatifs qu'il nous a montré. Un de ces jeux portait sur l'industrie de l'érable, les deux autres sur la fabrication des tissus et sur l'histoire Québécoise. On a travaillé pendant une heure et demie à fin de compléter tous ces pamphlets. Nous aimerions remercier tous les professeurs de français qui nous ont amenés.

PL
AK

WHITEWATER RAFTING



It was the day we had all been looking forward to. Besides missing a whole day of boring classes, we were going to go for the first time on a whitewater rafting trip. After a sleepless night and a scanty breakfast before dawn, we all hurried down to school where the bus awaited us.

After a two hour trip, we arrived at our destination, the W3 site on the Rouge River. A little shack with the sign 'Restaurant' stood beside an empty, unkept parking lot.

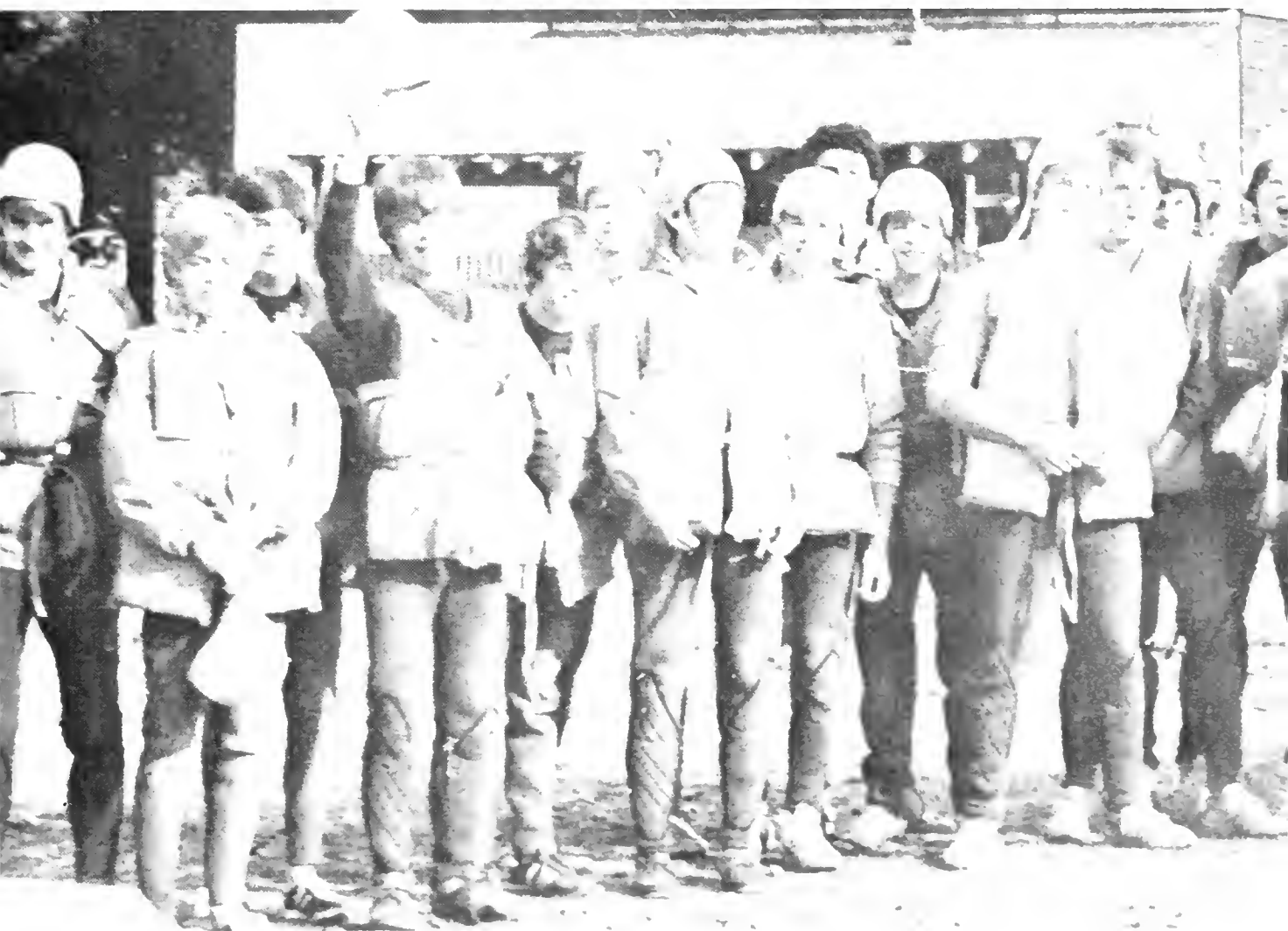
Eager to get at the river, we got on the bus and donned our new wetsuits and helmets. We all looked like something out of E.T., especially FF. (He chose to wear a Speedo bathing suit, making him look like an iguana). After a perilous ride on a bus that badly needed repairs, we arrived at the cast-off point. Our guides taught us the art of survival on whitewater, and then we began. The first rapids weren't that exciting, but as we progressed, we encountered the bigger stuff. Many found themselves in the water before they knew it, while others confined their flying to insides of the

raft. After many sets of rapids, such as the Mushroom, the Washing Machine, and the Avalanche, we came upon peaceful water. There we had numerous water fights. (Honorable mention to Mr. Williams, who defended himself wonderfully with his paddle, and to Mr. Porter, who dumped many students into the water.)

We rode back on the bus? now more like a sauna bath on wheels, and had our lunch.

The afternoon was a repeat of the morning's adventures, with the exception that we were allowed to jump into the rapids and swim. We all made it back to the shore, except for Ferhaan Ahmad, who was caught right in the middle of the current. He was carried a few hundred metres downstream, until he managed to climb out of the swift whitewater onto a rock. After picking him up on the way by we continued our journey without any mishaps.

Special thanks to Mr. Porter and Mr. Williams, who organized the trip, and to Mr. Dowd and Mr. Lumsden, who joined us for the trip.



WINTER CARNIVAL GRADES ONE TO SEVEN





SENIOR SCHOOL CARNIVAL

After a rather disappointing carnival last year, Mr. Dowd and his organizing minions handled this year's carnival admirably. Although the lack of female companionship dampened the carnival spirit, the bus rides were fun with people trying to trap other people in the washroom and the back-of-the-bus riots. After arriving at the hill at around 9:45, the skiers enjoyed a full day's skiing, interspersed with free hot dogs that went cold extremely quickly.

Tired but happy, the skiers arrived back at the school at around 6:00, two hours before the dance. The dance floor was decorated by Edwin Taguchi and various E.C.S. girls. Although not only one of the best dances, it was enjoyable, with the Kissing Booth and the Valentine-o-Gram Booth as major attractions.

-M.S.





CASINO

Part of this year's Student Appeal Week was a casino, held in the school auditorium. There were all kinds of games, from hockey to basketball, freethrow shooting, from black-jack to bobbing for apples. There was even a hit-man whom you could hire to squirt your "best" friend or "favorite" teacher. All of the money earned from the games went to Centraide.



BOOK FAIR BRINGS LARGE TURNOUT





CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

Once again, Selwyn held its annual "Christmas Assembly Talent Show." The many Hollywood-calibre acts included a group of Christmas-carol singers from California; Selwyn's own Funk Brothers, Rex Chung and Sean Scensor; Glen Freedman and Kim Balles' truly romantic rendition of "Stairway to Heaven"; a visit from Santa Claus; and, wonderful MC'ing by Stephen Penner.

MEDIEVAL BANQUET

On April 22 in the year 1983, the Grade 8 level of Selwyn House held its first Medieval Banquet. A great feast was served by magnificent serving wenches to some of our school's nobility. Special thanks to Mr. Nincheri and Mrs. Ferguson for organizing the event, and to Nina for cooking all those delicious dishes.



**CONCERT
EVENING
HIGHLIGHTS
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MUSIC
PROGRAM**





LA SIXIEMME LOTTERY

As usual the grade six or sixieme, was going on a ski trip and wanted to raise money to bring down the expenses for the parents. We held a lottery which was organized by Ted Schopflocher and Micheal Verchere, both in 6A. We had some fantastic prizes including a dinner for two at a Chinese Restaurant, six ski tickets and lots more. A special thanks to all the parents who helped donate the prizes. We raised over 150 \$ for the ski week which was fantastic.

-T. Schopflocher

-M. Verchere



HALLOWE'EN DANCE

CHRISTMAS BALL

Although the planners of the First Chance Charity Dance were excited at the prospect of a costume dance, the rest of the senior school body was not sure that this was a good idea. After many repeated persuasions through skits and announcements by the planners and others, the tide of thought turned, and ticket sales picked up at Selwyn House.

The girls' schools, however, did not need this kind of persuasion as was witnessed by the fact that tickets were sold out almost as soon as they went on sale.

The dance itself was a great success, with many people in elaborate costumes. The help of a team of volunteers who ran the refreshment stand, helped with security, and cleaned up after was greatly appreciated. To the teachers who showed up, especially Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden who had one of the better costumes, to Mark who gave up his time, and to Mr. Dowd who put in much of his time as an advisor, thanks. It is with all their help, and many more who go un-named, that we were able to present a cheque of 630 dollars to Centraide.

-JK

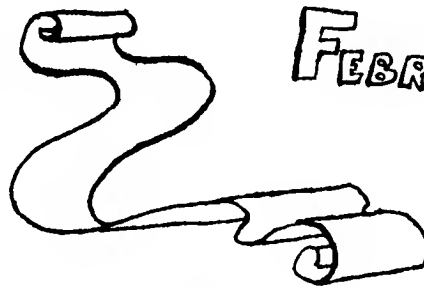
Was this year's Christmas Ball a success? You'd best believe it was! After the last minute scrambling for dates (Thursday-night Compu-Date specials), the frantic searching for ties and shining of shoes, the tying of bow ties, and more, the Ball was ready to go. Actually, it was the primary topic of conversation for weeks beforehand ("You're going with HER!?"), stimulating interest deep in the bowels of SHS. (ECS, the Study and various others had their respective bowels shaken too, as they found entire grades going). Close behind showing off one's date came showing off one's apparel. Apparently, when Selwyn students are told to come formal, they take it seriously (nice tuxedos, guys; original, anyway). Those clothes did not hamper anyone's cutting the proverbial rug, as people danced the night away. Most of the students were surprised to see the moves exhibited by the faculty on the dance floor, but, to be tactful, we won't talk about that.

Although the Ball is "made" mostly by the participation of the students, it took a lot of behind-the-scenes work to prepare it all. People who must be thanked include the Entertainment Committee, Mr. Geoff Dowd, John Kardos, John Burnham, and Mr. MacMillan, whose jazz band provided great music all evening. Altogether, a good time was had by all-really!

-EB

ROMANCE →

8:00
- 12:00



FEBRUARY 11

TICKETS: \$3.00

AT

S.H.S



- IN
ADVANCE
ONLY!

DANCE →



THE GRAD DANCE

This year's grad dance, held at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, took place on May 21. There was the usual assortment of new outfits for the men of the class of '83, though there were reportedly no fatally shocking incidents. Once again, our grads outdistanced all others in their choice of truly beautiful companions. After the dance, everyone went out for some 'serious' partying, including some adventurous teachers.

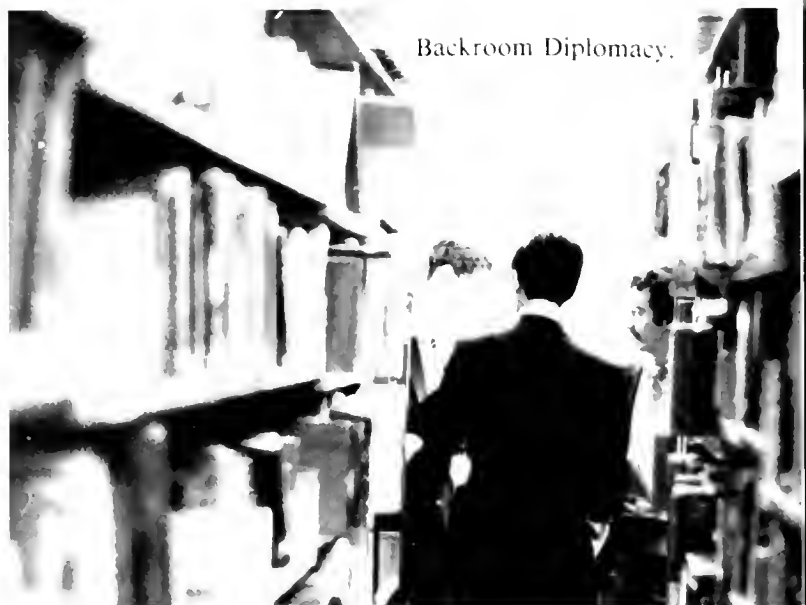
All had a wonderful time, and they enjoyed their last formal gathering as students of SHS' graduating body.





AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS



Backroom Diplomacy.

On the beach with a ...



Flasher!



This new vacuum cleaner has ...



The only reason he comes to school.



You tell me which one is genuine.



It's a bird, it's a plane, it's ...

And you think you've had too much to eat.

Now is my chance to get them all back.





Selwyn today, the world tomorrow!



With this, I'll be able to fix my



Hey, I only work here!



More girls, more



bank account.

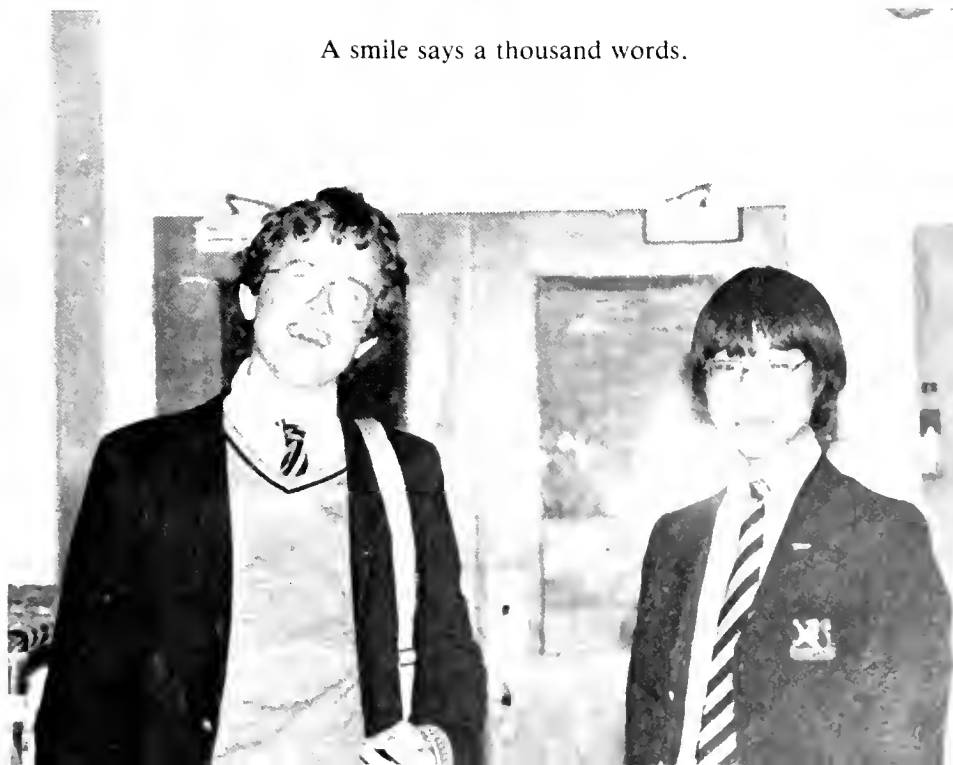


Roaming reporter in action.



girls!

A smile says a thousand words.





Physics!



Twinkle, twinkle, little star ...



Marathon Man.



"Well, you see boys ..."



"Urals! Not urinals ..."



"It's not an??"



Macdonald's is on the corner of ...



"Believe me this will relieve your indigestion?"

FIN
L
HU

FOUR SCORE
AND SMNM
N-M m m m m

I HAVE A BOYLE
ON MY
ASSASSINATION
LIST!

HEH-HEH

CB'S MY NAME,
FOOTBALL'S...

OH NOOOO!

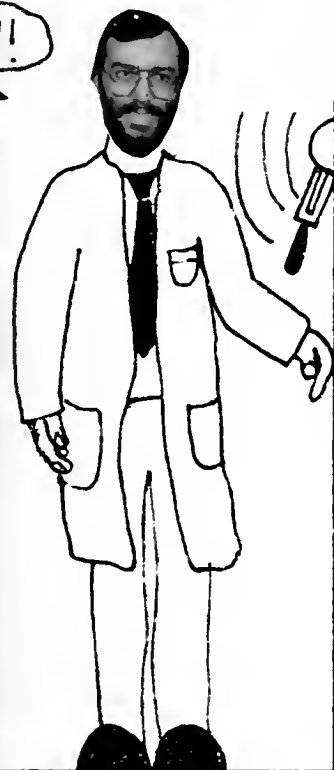
MARK'S

EL'S
AST
RAH

WHY DO THEY
KEEP ASKING US
ABOUT THE
WEATHER?

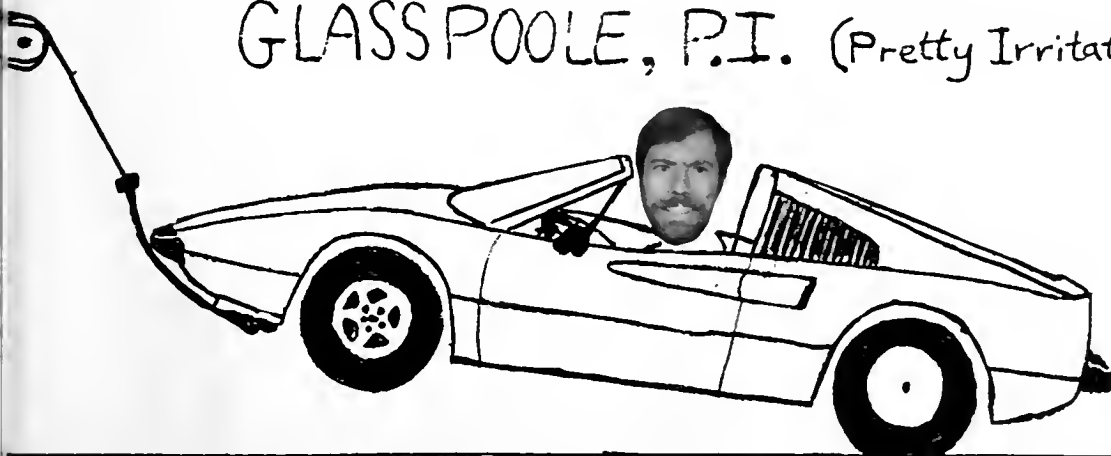
BEATS
ME.

DON'T
I
WISH



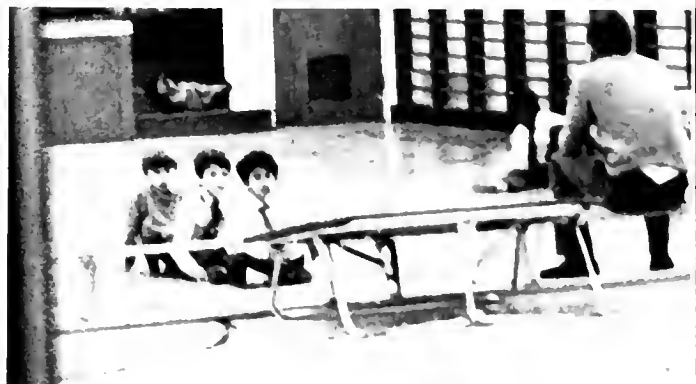
MISS
HAWAII

GLASSPOOLE, P.I. (Pretty Irritating)















GRADUATION EXERCISES AND ACADEMIC PRIZEGIVING

JUNE 9, 1983

5:00 P.M.

The Guest Speaker

Alexander K. Paterson, O.C., Q.C.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AWARDS

Grade 1, 1st	PETER BEVAN
Grade 2A, 1st	ALI DIBADJ
Grade 2B, 1st	JACQUES KHALIP
Grade 3A, 1st	DAVID BARTOS
Grade 3B, 1st	CHARLES MATOUK
Grade 4, 1st	ROBBIE JOHNSTON
Grade 5, 1st	BLAKE FERGER
Grade 6, 1st	BENJAMIN DUFFIELD
Grade 7, 1st	REZA DIBADJ

THE CONSTANCE MOODEY PRIZE

(For all around ability in Grade 3)

LUCAS CARSLY

THE HELEN SPEIRS MEMORIAL TROPHY

(For outstanding character in Grade 4)

RONALD SIMPSON

THE GRANT GAIENNIE MEMORIAL AWARD

(For all-round ability in Grade 5)

KEVIN O'BRIEN

ALL-AROUND ABILITY IN GRADE 6

(Presented by Mrs. A.I. Matheson)

MICHAEL BRUNEAU

LA SIXIÈME

(For outstanding improvement in the ability to work in the French Language)

SALEM BOUHAIRIE

THE SELWYN HOUSE CHRONICLE CUP

(Essay Writing in Grade 7)

NICHOLAS DUCIC

THE MRS. MARKLAND PRIZE

(For distinction in public speaking)

ROSS VINEBERG

THE E. GEOFFREY BRINE AWARD

(For outstanding effort, enthusiasm and ability in the Elementary School)

PAUL BOUBLI

SECONDARY SCHOOL AWARDS

Grade 8, 1st	CHRISTOPHER CLARK
Grade 9, 1st	DAVID JONES
Grade 10, 1st	FERHAAN AHMAD
Grade 8, 2nd	PRASUN LALA
Grade 8, 3rd	MICHAEL ZENAITIS
Grade 9, 2nd	CHRISTOPHER NAUDIE
Grade 9, 3rd	CHRISTOPHER PRATLEY
Grade 10, 2nd	ERIC BUNGE

DISTINCTION IN FRENCH
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. W.M. Molson)
 DEREK EATON

DISTINCTION IN MATHEMATICS
 DEREK EATON

DISTINCTION IN CREATIVE WRITING
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. C.F. Carsley)
 DEREK EATON

DISTINCTION IN CHEMISTRY
 DEREK EATON

DISTINCTION IN BIOLOGY
 PROBAL LALA

DISTINCTION IN LITERATURE
(Presented by Mrs. G.R.H. Sims)
 MARK JANY

DISTINCTION IN GEOGRAPHY
 ROBERT MASON

DISTINCTION IN LATIN
(Louis Tunick Lazar Memorial)
 CHRISTOPHER PRATLEY

DISTINCTION IN PHYSICS
 THOMAS HOOD

DISTINCTION IN SPANISH
 EDUARDO NEUENSCHWANDER

THE D.W. CHRISTIE HISTORY PRIZE
(Presented by Mr. Hugh Doheny)
 DEREK EATON

PUBLIC SPEAKING PRIZE
*(Presented by
 Hon. Justice G. Miller Hyde)*
 DIMITRI KYDONIEFS

THE E.C. MOODEY DEBATING PRIZE
(Presented by Mr. J.L. Aimers)
 MARK JANY
 NICHOLAS TINGLEY

MUSIC AWARDS
 MOST IMPROVED - ALEXANDER KUILMAN
 HIGHEST AWARD - VICTOR WHITEHEAD

THE THOMAS HENRY PENTLAND MOLSON
PRIZE FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE
DEREK EATON

THE JOCK BARCLAY MEMORIAL TROPHY
(For all-round Distinction in Grade 8)
CHRIS CLARK

THE REDPATH HERALD AWARD
JAMES SOUTAR

THE ERNST BRANDL MEMORIAL TROPHY
(For all-round Distinction in Grade 9)
PATRICK JABAL

THE ROBERT A. SPEIRS MEMORIAL AWARD
(Presented by Mr. A.S. Troubetzkoy)
(For all-round Distinction in Grade 10)
ERIK BLACHFORD

YALE CLUB OF MONTREAL BOOK AWARD
(Presented by Mr. James Taylor)
ERIK BLACHFORD

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BRONZE MEDAL
(For Academic Distinction in Secondary School)
PROBAL LALA

THE THOMAS CHALMERS BRAINERD MEMORIAL AWARD
(Presented by Mr. Charles Lineaweaver and awarded to the Senior who, in the opinion of the Staff and of his classmates, has most successfully combined an exceptionally enthusiastic and purposeful approach to School activities with consistently generous concern for the welfare of others.)
PROBAL LALA

THE JEFFREY RUSSEL PRIZE
(Presented by Mrs. H.Y. Russel and awarded by judgment of Staff and classmates to the Senior who is considered to have shown outstanding all-round ability and character).
DEREK EATON

THE LUCAS MEDAL
(In Memory of the Founder of the School, awarded by judgment of Staff and classmates, to the Senior who is deemed to have made the most outstanding contribution to the life of the School by way of academic achievement, leadership in games and activities, and by good example.)
THOMAS MacFARLANE



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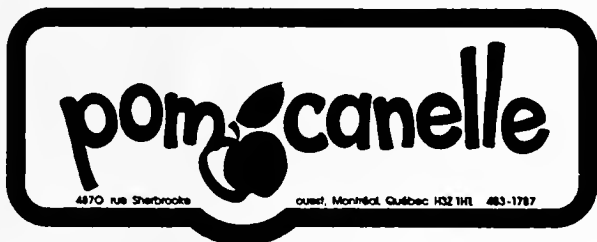
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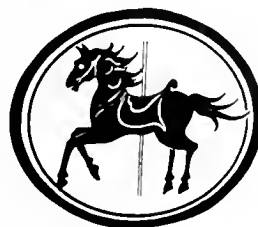


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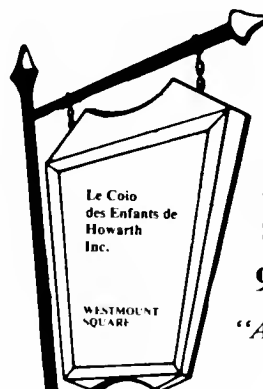
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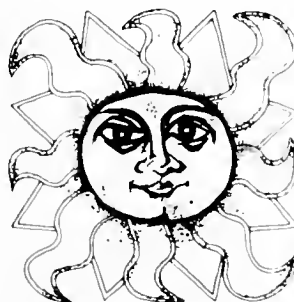


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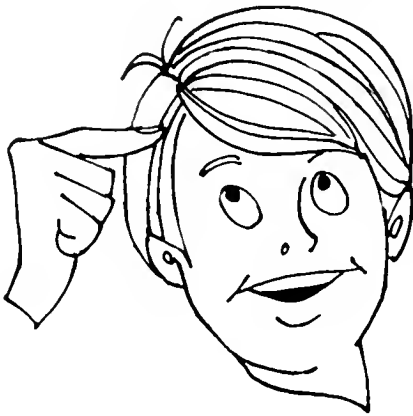
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"If you had your choice of any
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which one would you choose—
and why?"

Remember that the word "essay"
means to try or to attempt. So this
doesn't have to be a literary masterpiece, or even serious.
It's how interestingly you write that will count.

Also, the country you choose won't
affect the judging. It could be Thailand, Canada, Wadagabua
or anywhere. Or dream up a mythical country. Just use your
imagination!

HOW TO ENTER

Send your essay, by Tuesday, February 14th, 1984,
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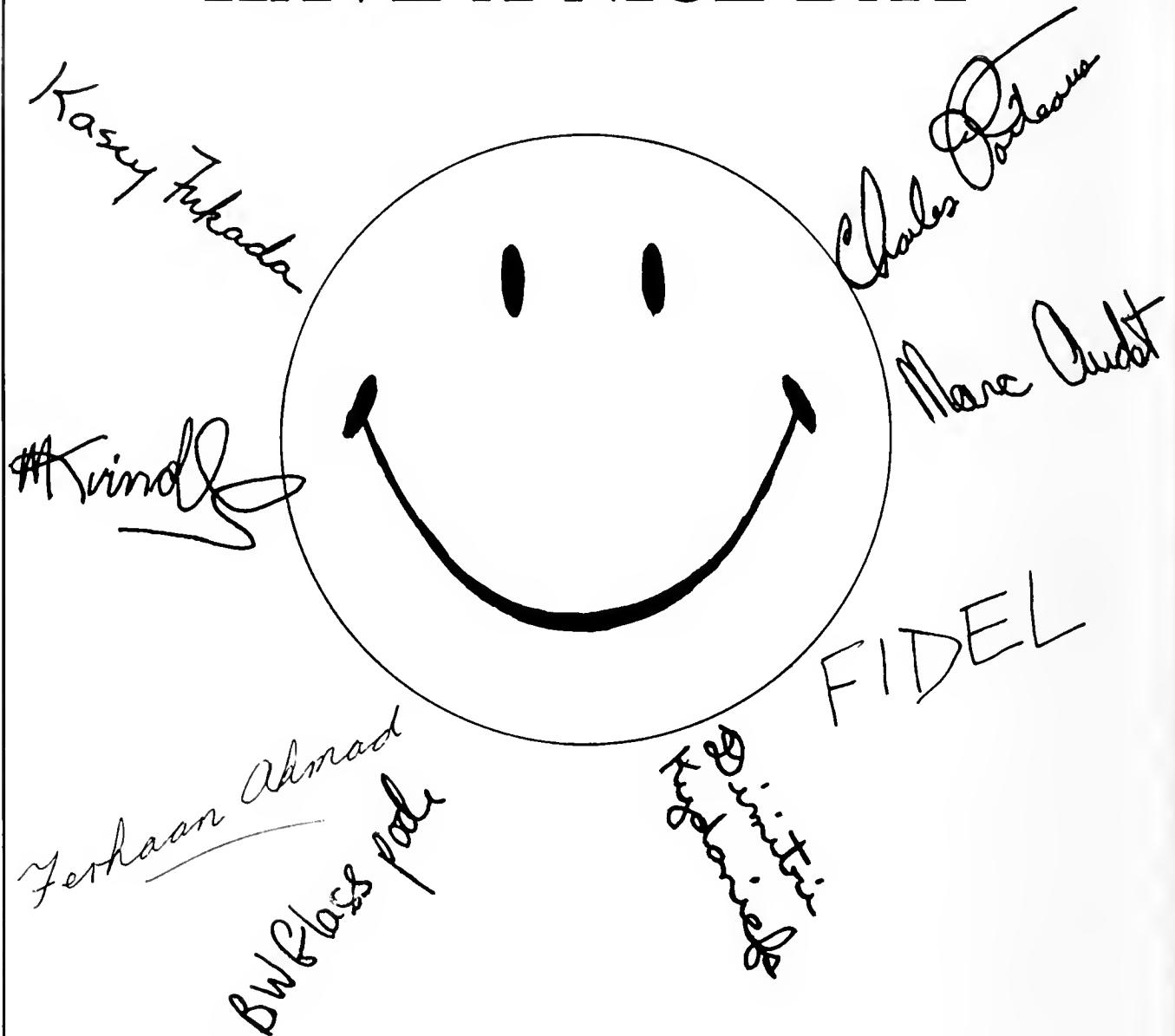
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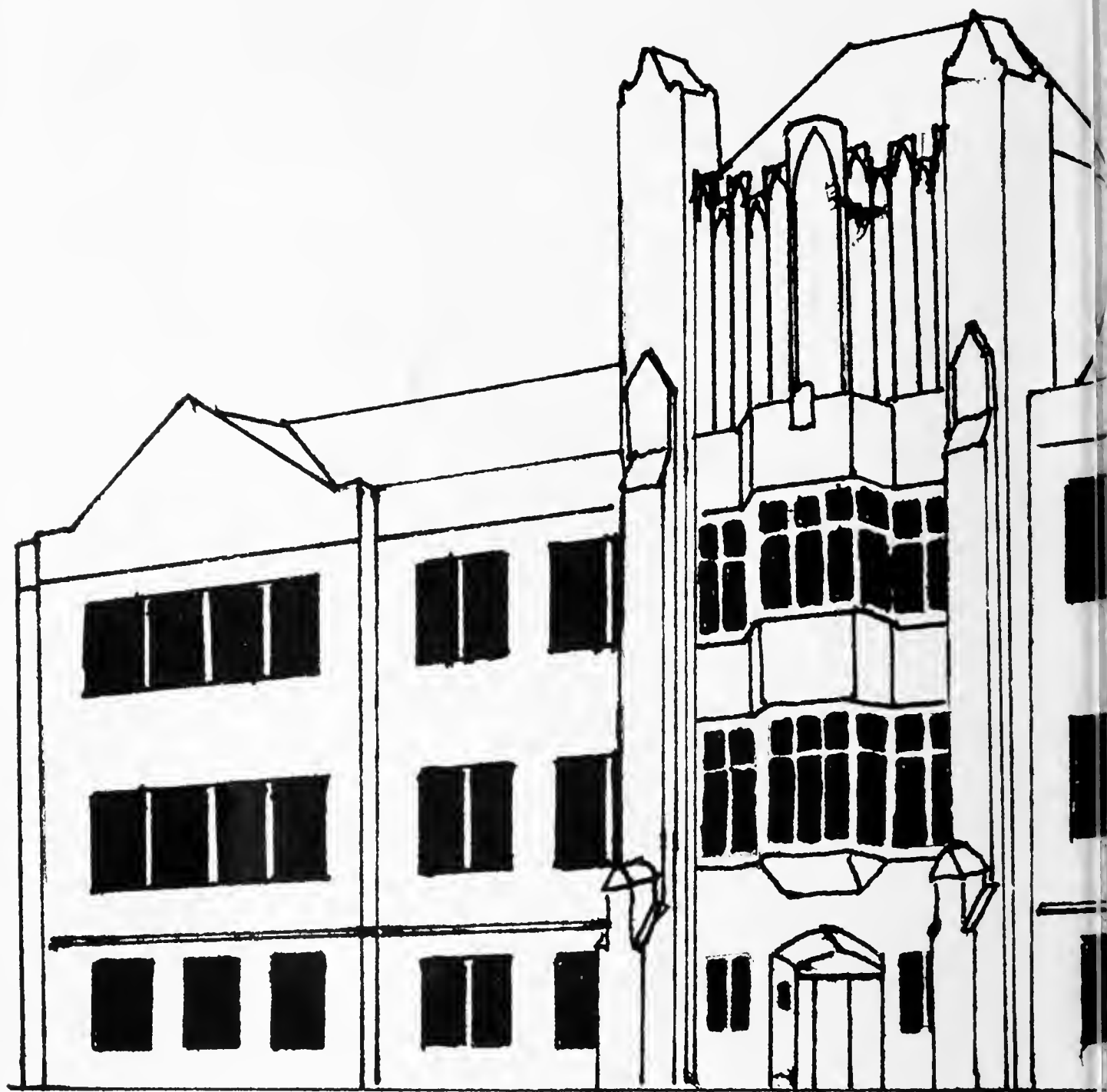
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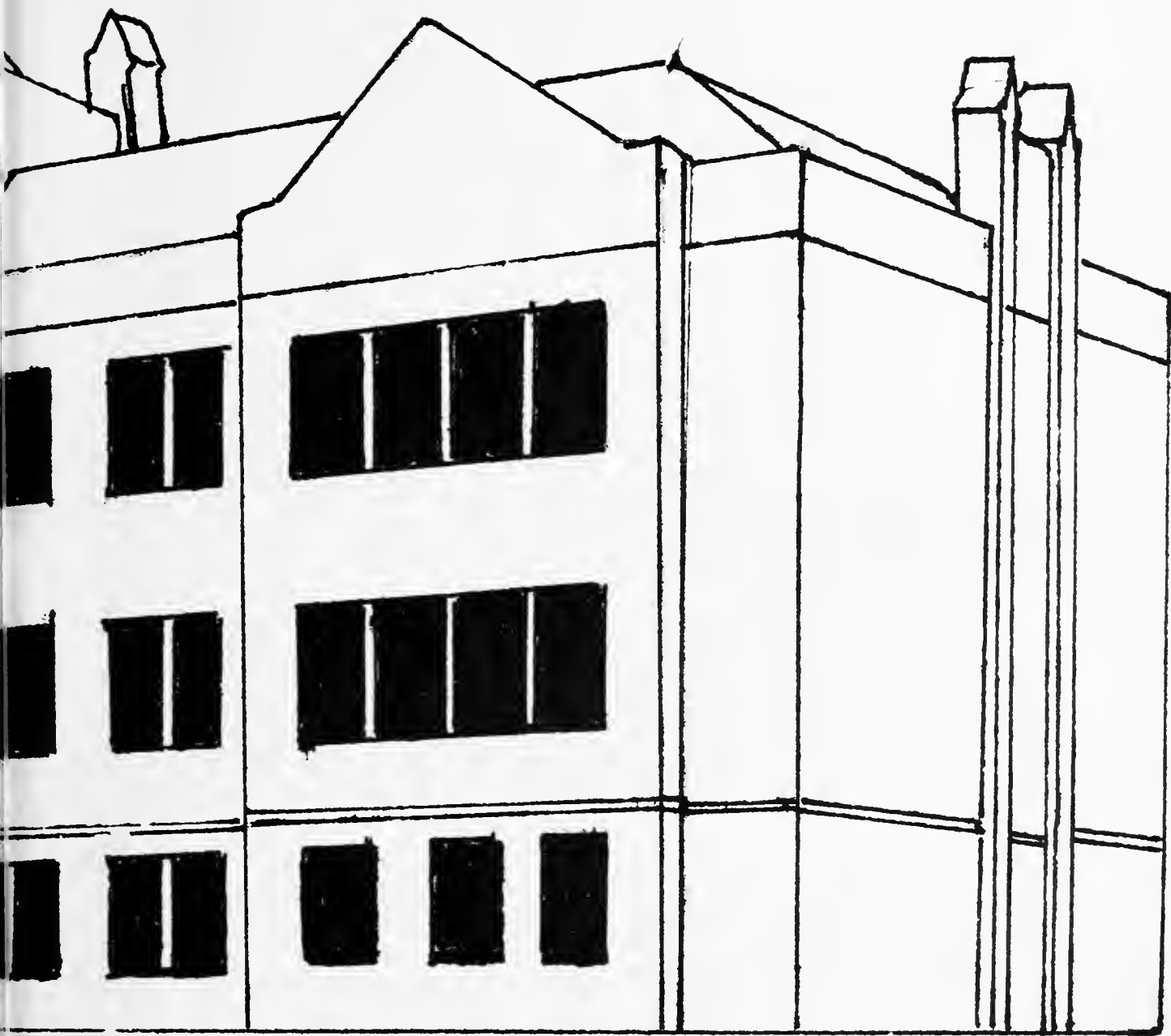
Bob Lunny - President
Suppliers to Selwyn House

HAVE A NICE DAY



YEARBOOK STAFF





Mikael Sandblom

